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Vol. CCII, No. 2639
SEPTEMBER 2, 1950

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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *Nicholas Horner*

". . . rescue me from this rogue of a coachman!"

Nicholas Horner (1687-1719), highwayman, was once outwitted by a woman in the following manner: she was riding in a coach from Colchester to London, where her coachman warned her that he had noticed "several Sparks upon the Heath, whom I mistrust to be Highwaymen". She hid her valuables in the coach, and then dishevelled her hair. When Horner rode up, the brave woman leapt out of the coach, seized Horner by one of his legs and shrieked "Ah, dear cousin Tom, I'm glad to see you . . . rescue me from this rogue of a coachman, for he's carrying me by that rogue of my husband's orders to Bedlam, for a mad woman". This seeming madness scared Horner and he rode off. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY ALEXANDER KOOLMAN, R.B.A., M.S.I.A., FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

Volume CCII No. 2639 The SPHERE, London, September 2, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—THE DOYEN OF BRITISH CONDUCTORS LEADING THE ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE LA RADIODIFFUSION FRANÇAISE IN A CONCERT AT THE USHER HALL : Sir Thomas was conductor at the third and fifth performances of the orchestra held in the presence of many oversea visitors to Edinburgh for this Fourth International Festival of Music and Drama. **(See also pages 334-35 and 352 of this issue)**

Edinburgh's Festival in its four seasons has firmly established itself among oversea visitors, and this year, indeed, the audiences are as cosmopolitan in character as are the programmes international in flavour. The appearance of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the brilliant Orchestre National, the broadcasting orchestra of the French capital, typified this aspect of the Edinburgh programmes. The Festival, offering three weeks of varied entertainment in the realm of music and drama, will continue until next Saturday, September 9, when the closing ceremony will be held on the Castle Esplanade, and it will fall to the lot of Sir Thomas Beecham to conduct a performance by massed military bands of Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks. In previous years it has been noted that a great number of tourists have remained in Edinburgh for only a few days of the Festival, attempting to see and hear as much as possible in a short space of time, but this year many people have made reservations in the city for the whole Festival period. Australians have been particularly enthusiastic visitors

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK

Belgium's Prince Royal at Work.—Prince Baudouin, who now takes up the round of Royal duties inseparable from the task that destiny has thrust upon him, made it one of his first acts to visit the graves of Resistance men killed by the Germans during the war. Prince Baudouin, a tall, slender boy of nineteen, rather pale and solemn in manner, is, according to those who have met him, markedly friendly. He has been trained intensively since childhood for the duties before him, and this despite the fact that he has spent more than half his life outside Belgium. Unlike his father, Prince Baudouin was unable to go to an English public school. Had it not been for the war he would have gone to Eton, and to that end he at one time studied English with great earnestness. As a young man Prince Baudouin certainly had his share of troubles, starting with the untimely death of his mother, the beloved Queen Astrid; but it augurs well that he has been assured the wholehearted support of the leading parties in a land that came dangerously near to revolution. If he can capitalise that goodwill in the years ahead the rift between Fleming and Walloon can be healed in part, though perhaps it is too much to hope that the problem which defied his grandfather, King Albert, aud baffled his father, King Leopold, will be solved by the latest of the Coburgs.

New York's Hundredth Mayor Retires.—William O'Dwyer, New York's warm-hearted, genial, emotional and often unpredictable Mayor, the hundredth holder of the office and not the least of many colourful figures who have adorned it, retired this week. In due course he will be appointed United States Ambassador to Mexico, and will embark on a new and possibly less hectic phase of his extraordinary career. William O'Dwyer was born on July 11, 1890, in Bohola, Ireland, and at eighteen went to Spain to study for the priesthood at the Jesuit University of Salamanca. After two years in Spain, O'Dwyer left for the United States, arriving in New York with 23 dollars 35 cents in his pocket in the best *Log Cabin to White House* tradition. Thereafter he worked as a hod-carrier, a plasterer, a clerk, a bartender and a policeman. He studied law at night, and was admitted to the New York Bar in 1923, becoming a police lawyer. Later O'Dwyer became a City Magistrate and King's County District Attorney. In 1945 he was elected Mayor, and he was re-elected again in 1949. His retirement, incidentally, has been skilfully timed and, in one respect, has caused jubilation among the Democrats. The New York Democrats reason this way. A Mayoral election always brings out the voters in New York City. Once in the polling booths they can be counted on to vote also for the important State and national offices which were to be filled this autumn anyway, including those of Senator and Governor. Mr. O'Dwyer's retirement as Mayor of New York City can mean therefore that Mr. Dewey will be followed as Governor of New York State by a Truman Democrat.

Bernard M. Baruch, Adviser of Presidents.—The tall, erect, elder statesman, whose familiar role of Presidential adviser came to an end in 1948 when he broke with President Truman, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is perhaps an even better-known New Yorker than Mayor O'Dwyer, and his adopted borough of Manhattan has done honour to him in sincere but light-hearted fashion by making him an Honorary Commissioner of Borough Works. The ceremony, fittingly enough, took place beside a bench in Central Park. "I hope," Mr. Baruch told the Manhattan Borough President, "that if you ever come to me for advice it will be as good as I have given in the past, and that you will be a little more attentive to it than some of those to whom I have given advice before now." The first President whom Mr. Baruch served was Woodrow Wilson, and in the vital days of 1918 he was Chairman of the War Industries Board. In the Second World War he was head of a unit in the U.S. Office of War Mobilisation. To-day, his forthright action and counsel are still at the service of the American people, and he remains a champion of preparedness and a foe of what he calls "faltering, fumbling, wait-and-see policies." Only last month Mr. Baruch told a Congressional Committee that, in order to tackle the Korean crisis, he wanted to see in America immediate all-out mobilisation with rationing and higher taxes.

Sir Hubert Miles Gladwyn Jebb.—The new United Kingdom chief delegate to the United Nations, successor of the suave Sir Alexander Cadogan, is fifty-year-old Sir Gladwyn Jebb. His emergence in a major role upon the international scene is timely indeed, for this brilliant career diplomat and trusted counsellor of Britain's Foreign Secretary is a master of direct and forceful language. After Jacob Malik, using his invariable knuckleduster methods, had told the Security Council (from the security of the Presidential Chair) that the real aggressors in Korea were the South Koreans and their American masters, and that no member of the Security Council would contend that Mr. Dulles was in the trenches "gathering violets," Sir Gladwyn delivered the free world's telling reply. Sir Gladwyn, who was educated at Eton and Magdalen, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1924, and after serving in Teheran and Rome, came to the Foreign Office in London. As Executive Secretary of the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations he can be regarded as one of the architects of U.N. Since 1948 Sir Gladwyn has held the personal rank of Ambassador.

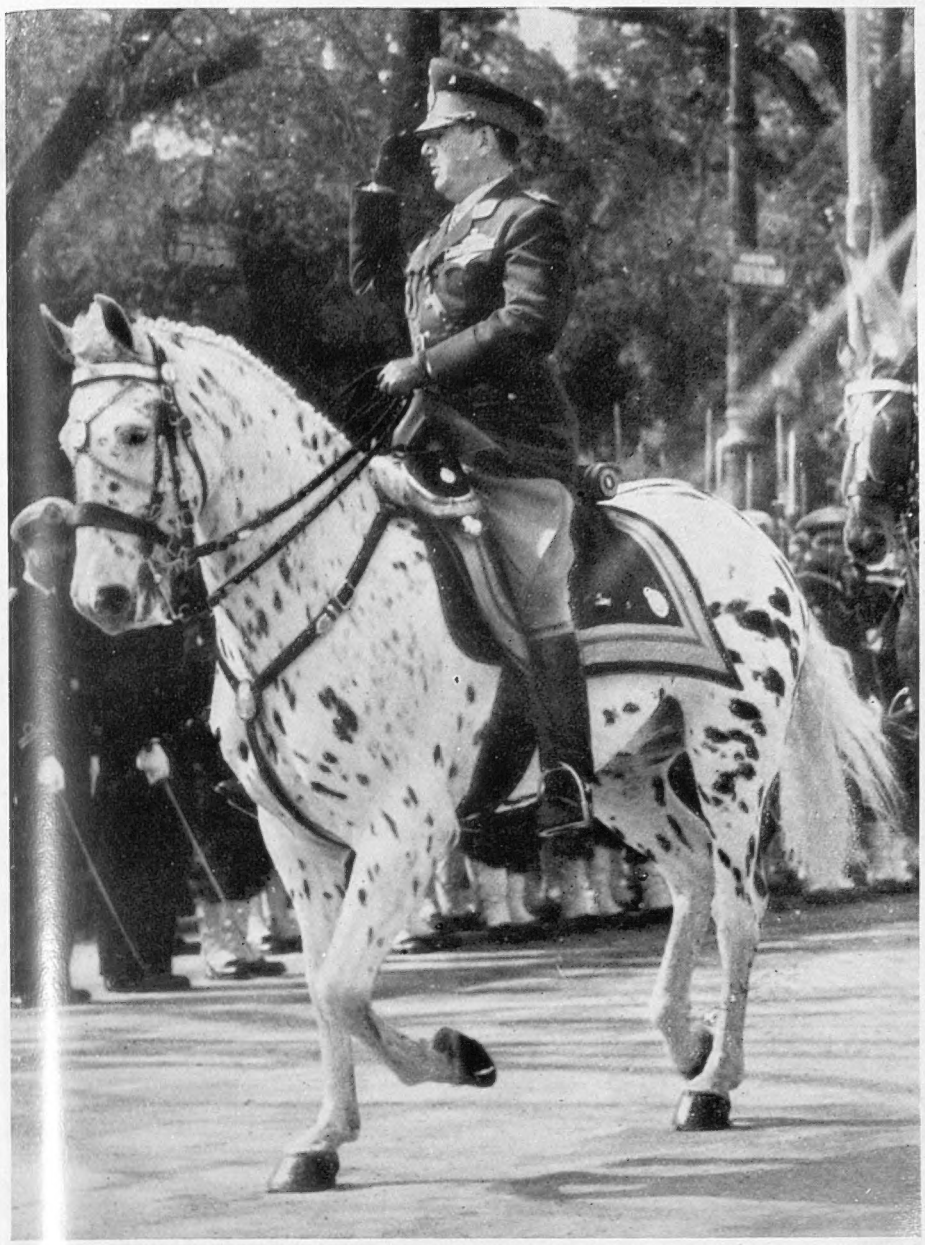
The Old Stager is on holiday. "A London Newsletter" will be resumed in THE SPHERE *of September 9.*

THE BELGIAN PRINCE ROYAL AT THE GRAVES OF WARTIME PATRIOTS IN BRUSSELS: The young Prince seen during his visit to a Brussels cemetery where he paid tribute to his countrymen who defied the Germans. At all his public appearances to date the Prince Royal has been seen in army uniform

THE MAN WHO STOOD UP TO JACOB MALIK: Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the United Kingdom chief delegate to the United Nations

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM O'DWYER: New York's Mayor, who retires this week and goes to Mexico as the U.S. Ambassador. Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer were married last December

BY A BENCH IN THE PARK: America's elder statesman Mr. Bernard Baruch, being sworn in as an Honorary Commissioner of Borough Works by Mr. Wagner, Manhattan's Borough President. The ceremony took place beside a bench in Central Park on the eve of Mr. Baruch's eightieth birthday



PRE DENT PERON, ON A PIEBALD CHARGER, LEADS THE GREAT PARADE DOWN THE AVENUE OF THE LIBERATOR IN BUENOS AIRES: The parade was the climax of the celebrations t which Argentina has done honour to the name of General Jose de San Martin, he Argentinian-born Protector of Peru and one of the great liberators of South merica from Spanish supremacy. San Martin died at Boulogne exactly a century ago

SENORA PERON WATCHES THE ANNIVERSARY PARADE FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL DAIS: With the President's wife was Senor Ojeda, Argentine Minister for Air, and Senor Chaves, the President of the Republic of Paraguay

ARGENTINA HONOURS SAN MARTIN

President Peron Leads the Great Parade in Buenos Aires

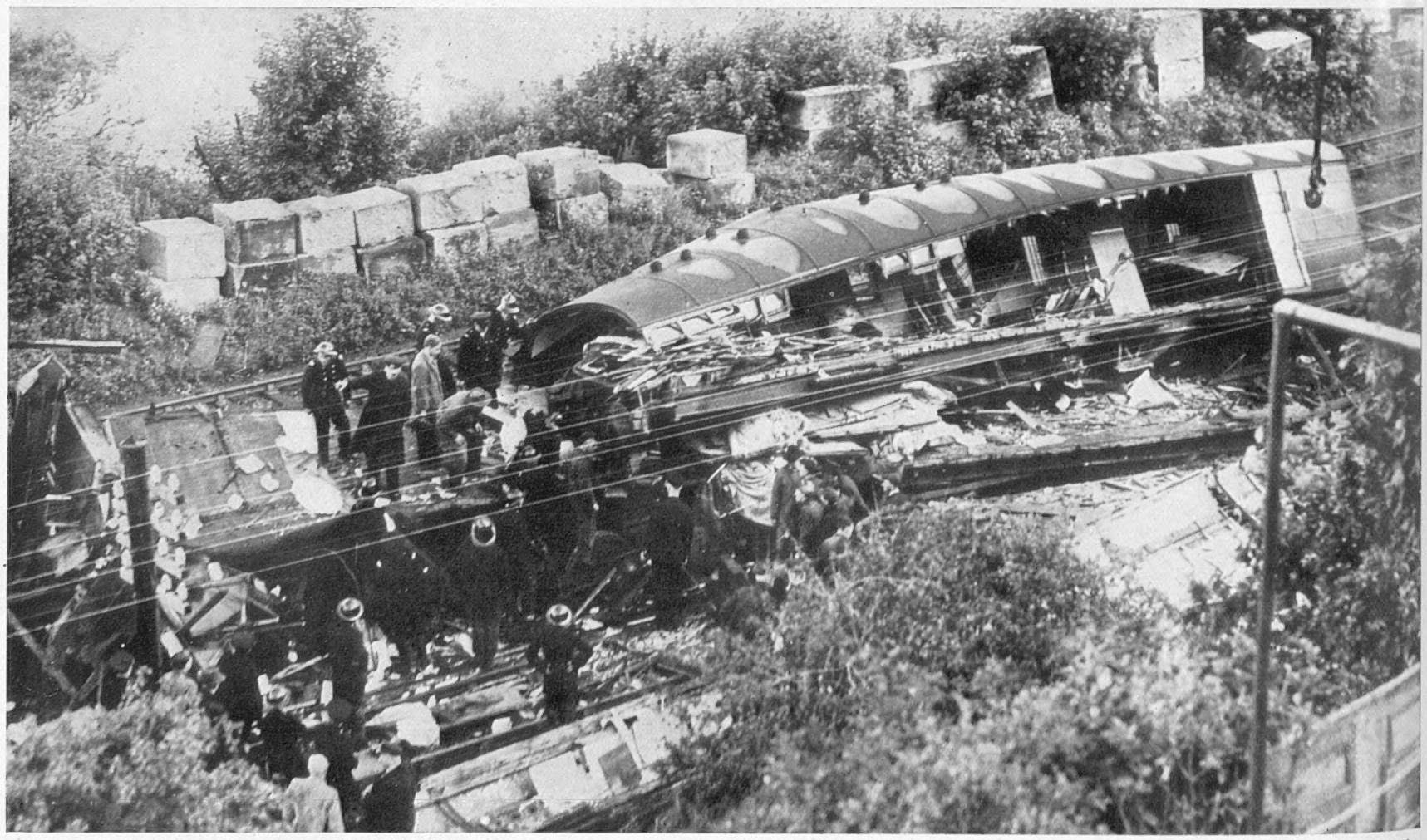
In South America this is the San Martinian year. The whole continent has been paying tribute to General Jose de San Martin, the former officer of the Spanish Army, who in 1812 joined the patriot party in the struggle to throw off the authority of Spain. He led an army of Argentinians and Chileans across the Andes in 1817, and by his victories at Chacabuco and Maipo in 1817 and 1818, ended the dominion of Spain in Chile. Having captured Lima in 1821, he was chosen Protector of Peru. Climax of the San Martinian year was on August 17. With President Chaves of Paraguay as his guest, Peron headed units of four South American nations in the big parade.

THE TANKS THUNDER DOWN THE AVENUE OF THE LIBERATOR IN THE ANNIVERSARY PARADE: This display of Argentinian might won vast applause from the great crowd which assembled to do honour to the name of San Martin. Symbolising the international aspect of the day, military units from Chile, Peru, Paraguay and Uruguay took part in the parade. The Chilean and Paraguayan units were young cadets with their own bands, and their effective goose-stepping was generously applauded. The main units of the parade consisted of Argentine infantry and motorised units, including white-clad ski troops, Sherman tanks and half-tracks. An aerial review, curtailed by the weather, closed the parade

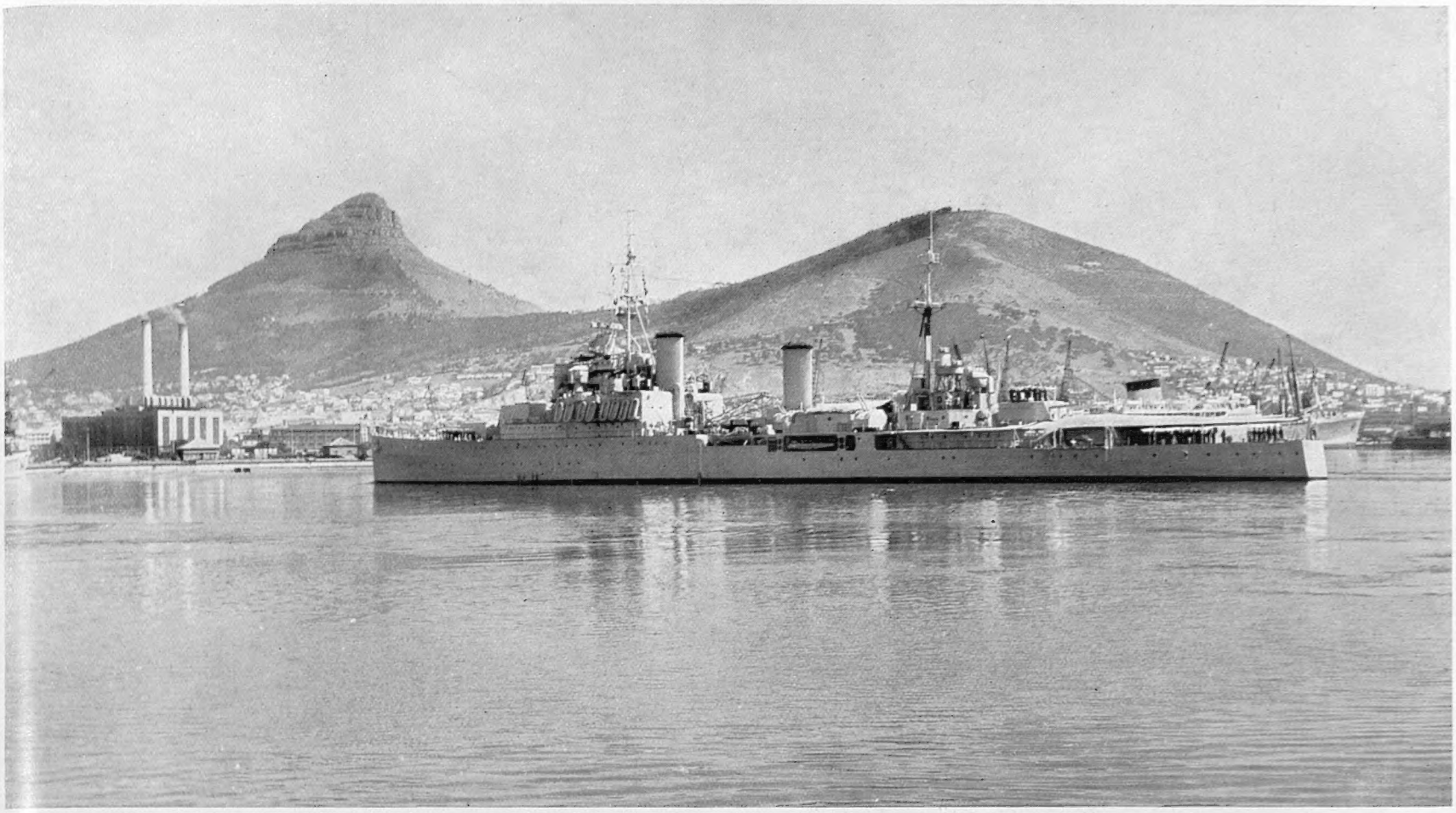
THE IRISH MAIL DISASTER

The Crash on the North Welsh Coast

THE WRECKED MAIL TRAIN LYING ACROSS THE LINE AT PENMAENMAWR : Two women and four men were killed when the Irish Mail, crowded with holidaymakers from Eire, crashed near the coast of North Wales about 3 a.m. last Sunday. The sixteen-coach train roared round a bend beside the seashore and collided with a stationary light engine. Five hundred and twenty men, women and children had settled down to sleep when the crash came, and the first six coaches were hurled from the track. The fireman of the mail train leaped on to the track and, with the help of another railwayman, ran ahead laying detonators on the line to warn an oncoming goods train. The goods train, loaded with high-explosives, pulled up with only a few yards to spare



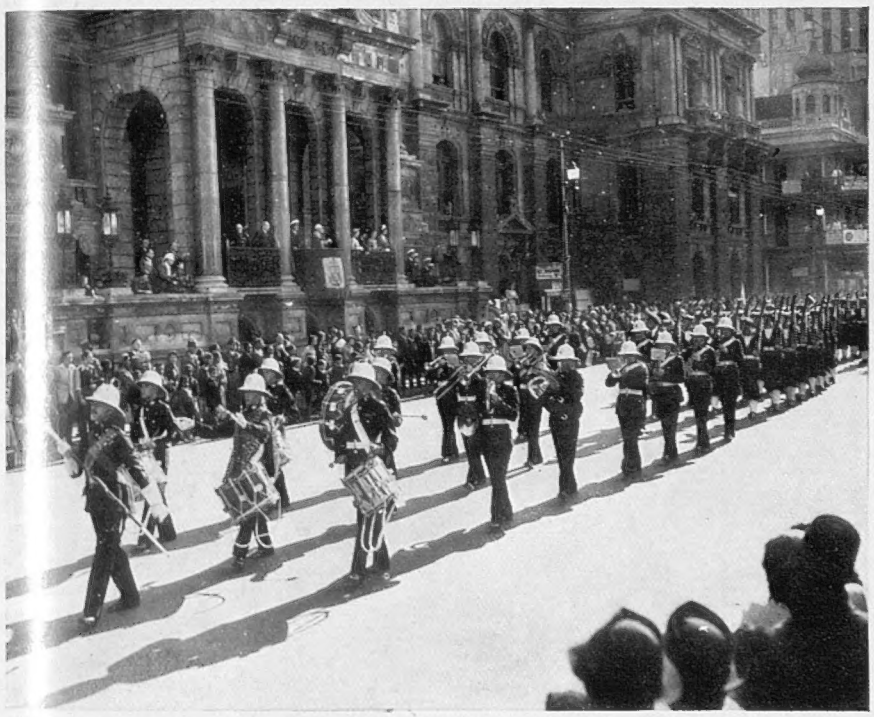
FIREMEN AND RESCUE WORKERS SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE OF THE HOLIDAY EXPRESS : This carriage had the side ripped away when it turned over as a result of the impact. The 520 men, women and children on the train at the time of the disaster were for the most part asleep. Awakened by the thunderclap of the collision people came rushing from houses in the neighbourhood, some of the men in pyjamas and the women in nightdresses. Doctors from Conway were soon on the spot



THE CRUISER "NIGERIA" ON HER FAREWELL VISIT TO CAPE TOWN: The flagship of the Africa Station seen outside the harbour, with the Lion's Head towering in the distance. On this farewell visit to Cape Town members of the crew, preceded by their Royal Marine band, marched through the city. *Nigeria*, one of the six ships of the Fiji class, will now return to England. She has been flagship on the Africa Station since 1948. The *Nigeria*, a vessel of 8,000 tons, was completed on the Tyne in the first year of the war

MARINES SAY GOOD-BYE TO CAPE TOWN AND FAREWELL TO PLYMOUTH

The *Nigeria* Sails for Home, and the Commandos Prepare to Fly to Korea



THE ROYAL MARINE BAND FROM H.M.S. "NIGERIA" LEADS THE FAREWELL PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAPE TOWN: From the balcony of the Town Hall the Mayor took the salute as the Marines and naval ratings went by. The headquarters of the South Africa Station is a few miles outside the city, at Simonstown

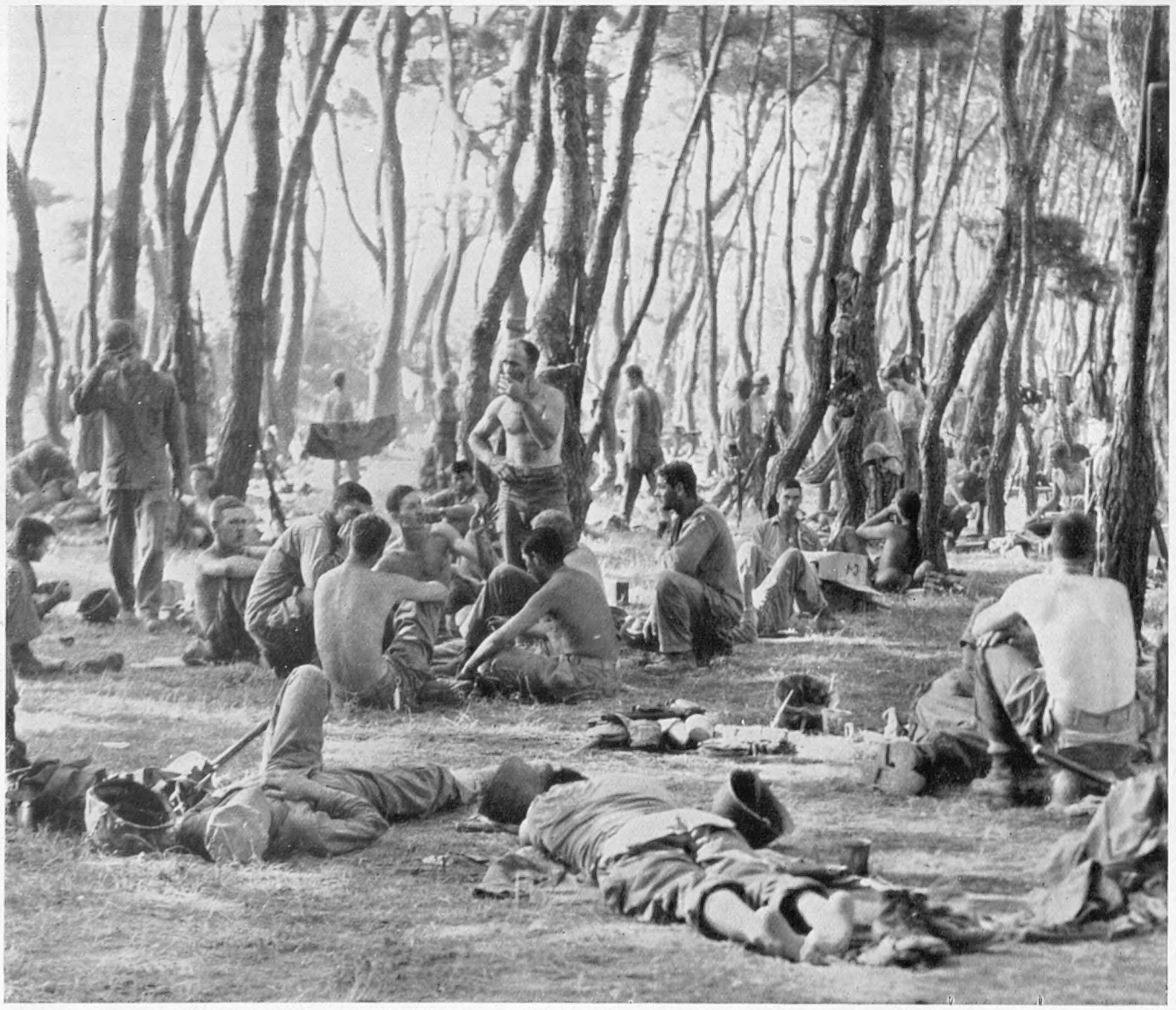
BOUND FOR KOREA: Members of the Royal Marines Commando with their commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel D. B. Drysdale, as they studied a map of the Far East before their departure from Plymouth. Lieut.-Colonel Drysdale is thirty-three

THEY HAVE ALL VOLUNTEERED FOR SERVICE IN KOREA: Members of the Royal Marines Commando seen at Bickleigh, near Plymouth, shortly before they were due to depart for the Far East. They had their final inoculations last week and were then granted a few days' leave. It was announced that within a week of leaving this country they would be in the war zone 12,000 miles away. It was also stated that the marines would travel in civilian clothes in case their aircraft should land in non-British territories

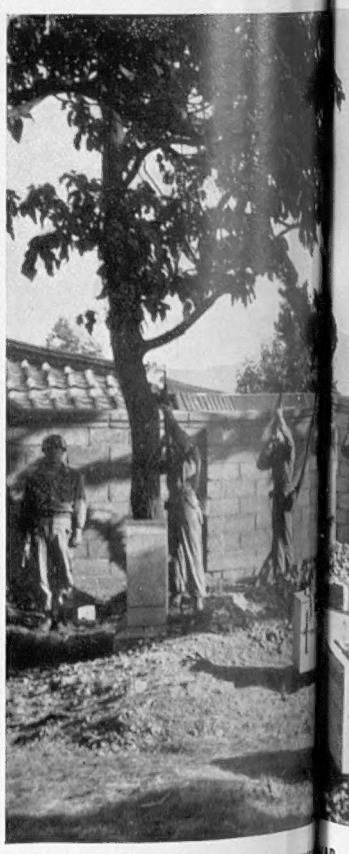
A WASH AND BRUSH-UP IN THE NAKTONG RIVER: United States Marines bathing in the shallow waters of the great river, which at various points on its course has been the scene of such bitter fighting since the retreat from the Kum and the defence of the Pusan perimeter began. This picture was probably taken about thirty miles from Pusan, at the point where the Naktong, after running due south for many miles, suddenly turns eastwards and no longer constitutes the frontier-line between the opposing forces. It was farther north on the Naktong that Mr. Randolph Churchill was wounded last week on patrol with an American unit

WITH THE MARINES ALONG THE NAKTONG

ASPECTS OF THE WAR IN KOREA

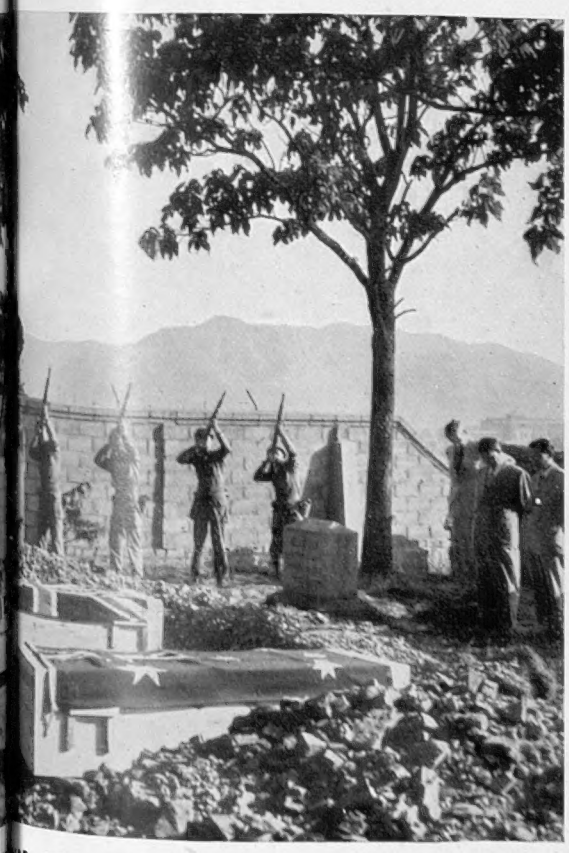


THEY FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF THE CHANGYONG BULGE: Members of the United States First Marine Brigade resting in a wooded area near the Naktong River after they had successfully routed the North Koreans. This was at the end of a week of furious and bloody fighting in which the American High Command countered thrust with parry, covered retreat on one front with sharp attack on another, and flattened bulges all along the line. These actions saved Taegu at a time when it seemed certain to fall



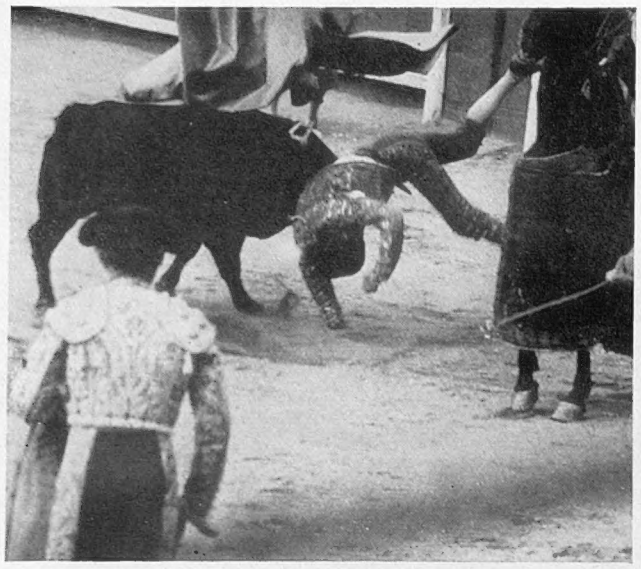
LAST RITES FOR TWO DISTINGUI… KOREAN FIGHTING: American tr… carrying the bodies of Ian Morr… *Daily Telegraph* correspon… Presbyterian Mission at Taegu.

UINED KOSON THE FIRST LARGE TOWN TO BE RECAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES MARINE DIVISION IN A COUNTER-OFFENSIVE STAGED AT THE EXTREME SOUTH OF THE LINE: When th Marines marched into Kosong this was the sight that met their eyes, blackened ruins everywhere and people searching among the debris for remnants of their hon . The recapture of Kosong was a considerable achievement, for at one time it was well within the territory which was occupied by North Korean troops



AR CORRESPONDENTS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE ing a volley into the air before the roughly-made coffins, e Times correspondent, and Christopher Buckley, the ere lowered into the ground in the compound of the rrespondents were killed when their jeep hit a mine

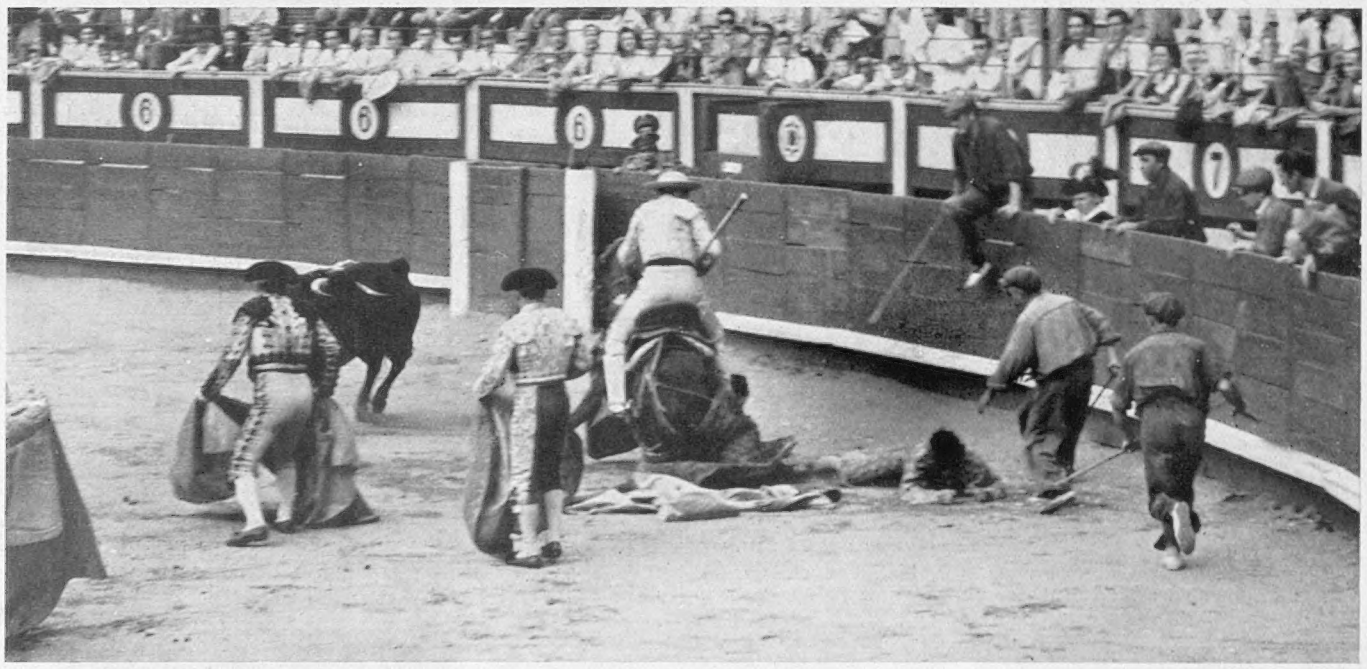
"DOROTHY" ON DUTY: This heavy American tank was on its way through a village street en route to the Naktong battle-line when this picture was taken. There was just room for *Dorothy* to squeeze between two huts, and her caterpillar tracks, following in the wake of others, rendered further havoc in the unpaved street



VINCENT HITCHCOCK, THE ENGLISH BULLFIGHTER (KNOWN AS VINCENTE EL INGLES), IS TOSSED BY THE BULL IN THE MADRID RING : Hitchcock rose from the ground and eventually killed his bull, but the crowd rewarded his performances with booing

THE BULL ROUTS VINCENTE EL INGLES

A Fiasco for the English Bull-fighter in the Madrid Ring



VINCENTE EL INGLES IS ON THE GROUND, WITH THE BULL STANDING OVER HIM : At this dramatic moment a picador saved the young bullfighter's life, and the bull drove its horns into the padded breastplate of the horse

Vincent Charles Hitchcock saw his first bullfight when he was serving with the Merchant Navy. He determined to become a matador, and went to a bullfighting school at Seville. His first appearance in the ring was crowned with success when, although tossed four times, he killed two bulls. Once last year, when practising on the ranch of Juan Belmonte, he was gored by a steer, receiving a 3-in. wound in his leg which affected the femoral artery. Hitchcock is the son of a Hatton Garden jeweller, who after his son's injury in 1949 flew out to Spain to try to persuade him from continuing his hazardous career.

***On left*—HITCHCOCK LIES ON THE GROUND AS THE BULL IS DRIVEN OFF : It was a tense moment indeed, but his fellow bullfighters gave El Ingles time enough to recover and to return to the battle**

HITCHCOCK RETURNS TO THE BATTLE AFTER HIS AIDES HAVE DRIVEN THE BULL OFF : The young bullfighter is seen (second from right) as he rose from the ground and an attendant retrieved his cloak. Hitchcock was quite evidently not popular with the crowd, who considered, perhaps, that he had come up too quickly to Spain's premier bull-ring. He fought two bulls during the afternoon and was tossed twice. Experts in the art considered his showing was poor. Last year at La Linea, a mile or so from Gibraltar, El Ingles won the plaudits of the crowd, but performances in Madrid inevitably demand a very much higher standard

THE CRITICS SAID THAT THE HISTORIC DOMINANCE OF ST. PAUL'S WOULD BE DESTROYED BY THE ERECTION OF A NEW AND BIGGER BANKSIDE POWER STATION : From this viewpoint, at any rate, the critics were right, for it shows the power station shrouding all but the great dome of the cathedral. For the most part, however, the two buildings, standing on opposite sides of the River Thames, would not appear to clash

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE POWER STATION

Progress at Bankside Recalls an Old Controversy

In 1947 the battle of Bankside was a three-cornered tussle which kept going for many months before the protagonists finally put their pens aside and the builders set to work. Chief target in the controversy was the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which had to resist, on the one hand, the attacks of the Dean of St. Paul's, who was fighting to preserve the architectural dominance of his cathedral, and, on the other hand, the attacks of Lord Latham and the London County Council, who stated in no uncertain terms that the Ministry's scheme interfered with the L.C.C.'s plans for the development of the South Bank. Mr. Silkin (now Lord Silkin) stuck to his guns, however, and would not consider the alternative site at Rotherhithe. So the plan for the enlarged Bankside power station went through, and now the task of construction is well advanced. The picture would certainly seem to show that the Dean's original protest about his cathedral being dwarfed was well justified, but perhaps if the photographer had stood back 50 yards or so he would have revealed quite a different state of affairs.

CIVIC DIGNITARIES ENTER ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE OPENING DEDICATORY SERVICE : Religion, learning and the arts were represented in the procession, which was headed by leaders in Edinburgh civic life. The weather did not favour the opening of this Festival of the Arts, but the city was thronged as it began to settle down to three-weeks enjoyment of a wide range of entertainment

EDINBURGH INAUGURATES ITS FOURTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

And Grants the Freedom to the United States Ambassador

SIR ANDREW MURRAY, EDINBURGH'S LORD PROVOST, LEADS THE PROCESSION TO ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL : This year the procession did not include English mayors or burgomasters, but civic heads of other Scottish cities took part, and members of the Consular Corps

THE DEDICATORY OPENING SERVICE WITHIN ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL : Members of the College of Heralds, who sat with other dignitaries in the choir, added to the colourful scene. The service started with a fanfare of trumpets, and Stanford's "Coronation Gloria in Excelsis" was one of the musical renderings by the organist. The sermon was preached by Dr. Charles Warr, Dean of the Thistle

THE VISIT TO EDINBURGH OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND MRS. DOUGLAS : *Left*—Mr. Douglas with a member of the band of the Highland Light Infantry, the regiment which provided a guard of honour for him at the Usher Hall, where he received the Freedom of the City from Sir Andrew Murray, the Lord Provost. *Right*—Mrs. Douglas seated beside the Lady Provost as they admired the casket in which Mr. Douglas received the Burgess Ticket

HONOURING THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR : This was the scene within the Usher Hall as the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Andrew Murray, addressed the gathering before conferring the Freedom of the City on Mr. Lewis Douglas, who is seen seated on the Lord Provost's right hand

Two colourful events marked the opening of this year's Edinburgh Festival of the Arts, now in its fourth year and firmly established. The first of them was the dedicatory opening service at St. Giles's, and the second the ceremony in the Usher Hall, at which the American Ambassador received the Freedom of the City. In his reply to the Lord Provost's speech, and following the signing of the Burgess Roll, Mr. Douglas spoke of the connections of his grandfather and great-grandfather with the city and of the countless men and women of Scottish blood who had played their pioneer part in America. "Few, if any, of the millions who found their way across the oceans to North America," he said, "played a more important role in the birth of a nation than those whose taste for adventure and love of liberty moved them to leave 'this lovely island and its northern part called Scotland.' If, therefore, freedom is held among my countrymen to be a sacred basis of society, it is because it has been handed down to them from many generations of their forefathers. It came to them from the hands of those hardy Scots who, in the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland, parenthetically, also James the First of England, and his successors, answered the beckoning call of the New World, hewed their way through forests primeval, and penetrated into the uncharted wildernesses. They were the pioneers who made their way across the mountains and plains and blazed the trails for those who followed afterwards. But the pioneer was not the only Scot who left his mark indelibly on American life. There were those who signed the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, those who became our Presidents, those who, responding to the restless urge for adventure, exercised an important influence on the industrial and economic development of my country. Yes, many Scots and men of Scottish lineage have played their parts and earned a place of great distinction in the annals of America."

After the ceremony at the Usher Hall, Mr. Douglas was a guest of honour at a civic luncheon in the City Chambers, when he delighted the audience with one of his wittiest speeches.

THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR AND THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH : Mr. Lewis Douglas receiving the casket bearing the Burgess Ticket, which conferred upon him the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh. Mr. Douglas told his audience at the Usher Hall of his family connections with Edinburgh. "It was in Edinburgh," he said, "that my great-grandfather gained his early competence in medicine and surgery, and it was here that my grandfather was twice a student"

FROM JAKARTA TO RIO

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT JAKARTA: The red-and-white Indonesian flag being hoisted outside the palace of President Sukarno on the fifth anniversary of the original declaration of the new Republic after the war. Dr. Sukarno addressed a gathering of about 200,000 people to mark the occasion, and reiterated Indonesia's claim to Dutch New Guinea, now called Irian. "This is a claim," he said, "that cannot be blocked or hindered, extinguished or crushed. The new Indonesian Constitution lays down that the whole of the former Netherlands East Indies now belongs to Indonesia, not to-morrow, not the day after to-morrow, but now at this very moment." Dr. Sukarno declared that Indonesia still observed The Hague Agreement that the New Guinea question "shall be settled peacefully within this year," but he said that after 1950 neither party would be bound by that provision

RUSSIAN ATHLETES ARRIVE TO TAKE PART IN THE EUROPEAN GAMES: Members of the advance party on the steps of Brussels Airport building as they reached the city several days before the Games. During their stay the Russians were seen much in company with the Swedes, but their training was done in secret. They entered in nearly all events, particularly those for women in which they excelled in the last European Games at Oslo

EDWARD C. ALLARD SETS OUT TO DO IT AGAIN: The lone navigator waving farewell from the cockpit of his tiny craft, "The Temptress," as he left New York on a "single-handed" voyage to England. Last year he sailed his 29-ft. yawl from Gibraltar to New York in eighty-one days, losing 20 lb. in weight in the course of the voyage

GERMANY'S FIRST POST-WAR GRAND PRIX: Yvonne Simon (No. 37), a French driver and the only woman competitor in the race, who was at the wheel of a Ferrari sports model, seen as she was about to be passed by Fritz Reiss of Germany, driving a Veritas, in the course of the nine-lap race in the Eifel Mountains. Reiss completed the course in 1 hr. 52 mins. at an average speed of 109 kilometres an hour. Large crowds turned up for the event

ON A BRIGHT AUGUST MORNING "THE TEMPTRESS" IS ALL READY TO START "GOOD ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY": Edward C. Allard, skipper of the 29-ft. yawl, waving good-bye as he prepared to leave on his lone Atlantic voyage which he hopes will this time take him only fifty days. Allard has been in America a year since completing his eighty-one-day voyage from Gibraltar, in the course of which his boat was awash in a great gale, becalmed in blistering heat, and often followed for days on end by a school of sharks. Mr. Allard has owned twelve small boats since he first began sailing as a youth. He was at one time a naval architect, and trained naval cadets, but he was denied an active service career in the last war on account of his eyesight

A HEAD-ON COLLISION ON THE BRAZILIAN RAILWAYS: Ten people were killed and seventy injured when these two suburban trains came into collision near Rio de Janeiro. Between Pavuna and Acari there is only one track, and the engineer of the outbound train, impatient after waiting five minutes, disobeyed the danger signal and entered the single track. He met the inbound train when the latter was travelling at speed. Both trains had wooden coaches, and the bulk of the casualties occurred when a tender telescoped into a coach

THE SHAH OF IRAN MEETS HIS KURDISH CHIEFS: The young ruler, who has been engaged on a goodwill tour of the nation at a time when Communist radio assaults have sought to spread disaffection, seen with some of the hill chieftains who were introduced to him. The Kurds split away from the central government in 1946, and formed the independent Republic of Kurdistan at the same time as the Communists established a short-lived Republic in Azerbaijan. The Kurdish revolt was crushed by troops. Since 1945 Iran's Government has been hard put to it to enforce authority in the distant provinces, and the Kurds have offered a problem of particular difficulty, as they have done, indeed, since the days of Saladin

TWO ENGINES LOCKED IN COLLISION: The wood-burning locomotives after their crash on the Central Brazil Railway near Rio de Janeiro. The engine on the left, known as *Smoky Mary*, was travelling downhill at high speed when the crash came

GENERAL MACARTHUR GREETS MR. R. G. MENZIES ON THE LATTER'S ARRIVAL IN TOKYO: The United Nations Commander and the Australian Prime Minister seen together at Tokyo Airport. At a Press Conference Mr. Menzies said that during his world tour he had observed a general desire for a peaceful settlement with Japan without which a permanent settlement in the Pacific would be difficult. He declared that he had not come to Japan specifically to discuss the Peace Treaty, but the talks he would have would be highly informative

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL WOUNDED IN KOREA: Mr. Winston Churchill's son talking with a young American officer "somewhere on the Korean front." Some days after this picture was taken Mr. Churchill was out with a patrol, which aimed at getting behind the enemy lines, when he was hit by mortar fragments. At the time the patrol was wading across the Naktong, ten miles south of Waegwan

AT THE GATEWAY OF THE DIAMOND COUNTRY IS THE TOWN OF CUIABA, CAPITAL OF THE FAR WESTERN STATE OF MATTO GROSSO : Cuiaba has a daily plane service and is only a few hours by air from Rio de Janeiro. The only other way to reach Cuiaba is by train from Rio to Porto Esperanca (near the Bolivian border), which takes almost a week, and from there by boat for two weeks up the Cuiaba River. This was the route taken by the old-time prospectors

POXOREU IS A TYPICAL PROSPECTOR'S TOWN ABOUT 200 MILES FROM CUIABA : Prospectors leave the town every morning for the various diamond diggings, and they return in the evening to sleep. Sometimes when a miner is in particular luck he throws a big party, and the whole town is kept awake far into the night by the sounds of revelry

BRAZIL'S DIAMOND COUNTRY

MINING OPERATIONS IN THE HINTERLAND OF THE MATTO GROSSO

To get to the diamond fields of the Matto Grosso, you must first get to Cuiaba, capital of the state. By air from Rio de Janeiro this takes but a few hours. The only other way is to take the train to Porto Esperanca, near the Bolivian border, which takes almost a week, and then go by river boat up the Cuiaba River for another two weeks. This is the heroic way of getting to Cuiaba. The river boats burn wood and are continually stopping to take on more fuel from the banks. They are dirty and hot, serve horrible food and have no water. The river winds so much that you can see a fazenda on one side of you in the morning and after travelling all day see it again at night on the other side. Few tourists ever get as far as Cuiaba.

The town is very small, but notable in Brazil as the birthplace of President Dutra, and because it is reputed to have more pretty girls to the square mile than any other part of the country. This is the gateway to the diamond country, which lies 200 miles away across the Planalto, a high plain. By leaving Cuiaba at 3.30 a.m. in a fast car (it is cooler then) you can reach Poxoreu, one of the diamond towns, by 5 p.m. the same day—unless you get bogged down in one of the roads of soft sand and wet, red clay.

Poxoreu is comparatively civilised. Alta Coite, a few hours' farther on (by horse, because the track is so bad), is more typical of the many tiny diamond settlements half-lost in the jungles and plains of the matto. There is no church here, because marriage and morality are more or less unknown in the bad lands. Prospectors and their garimpeiros (workers on the garimpo or diamond site) live in the little houses, vanishing each morning into the surrounding countryside and returning at night to sleep or throw parties. The landowners, who are usually rich men, are invariably armed, and shooting incidents are not uncommon. But there is little thieving on the distant garimpos—because there is nowhere for the thieves to escape to, unless they are prepared to risk a jungle trek.

The diamonds are found mostly on old river-beds, which often lie several yards below the surface. Once the garimpo has been exposed, the owner must bring water in channels to wash the stones and gravel. It is about a week's work to wash 10 sq. yards of surface, and all that remains in the end is a mound of sand and small stones in the bateias, or wooden washing-dishes. This mixture is washed as in gold prospecting and the heavy diamonds (if any) fall to the bottom. The garimpeiro gets 50 per cent. of the selling price of the diamonds he finds, and probably spends the money in one night in the local village on presents for the girls and drinks for the boys.

The garimpeiros are a motley crew, like the landowners for whom they are working. Many, seeking adventure, come from the northern states, such as Bahia and Para. Occasionally they bring their families with them, but more often they leave them behind and start new ones as soon as they arrive. Their huts are built of palm leaves, with hammocks inside for sleeping, and they build new ones when they move to new garimpos. The garimpeiro's work is hard, in water all day long with the hot sun beating down on his head. He may work for weeks without success, but, on the other hand, one or two finds may bring him a small fortune.

Brazil's great diamond age is over. The precious stones were first discovered in 1729, starting a boom which lasted until 1800; in those seventy years 3,000,000 carats were produced, worth then over £10,000,000. The industry is no longer of the get-rich-quick variety, but profits are still considerable. In a recent year 330,000 carats were exported, with a value of about £1,500,000. In the old days about 30 per cent. of the diamonds exported were used for industrial purposes and the rest for jewellery. To-day the position is reversed, 70 per cent. of the yield being the less valuable industrial diamonds.

The Matto Grosso diamond fields are not the only ones in the country. There are other important diamond-producing districts in the northern part of Minas Gerais, in Central Bahia, in Goiaz, and in Maraba, in the State of Para.

WATER IS THE VITAL ELEMENT IN THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS OF THE MATTO GROSSO : The diamonds are found mostly on old river-beds, which often lie several yards below the surface. Water is brought in channels to wash the stones and gravel, and when one area has been worked the water is diverted to the next, as shown in the picture *on the left*. *On the right* a stone barrier has been erected for the same purpose of diversion. Provided water is plentiful a prospector can wash about 10 sq. yards of ground in a week, and in the fine sand that remains will be found the diamonds—if any

ON THE FRINGE OF THE DIAMOND COUNTRY: The Planalto, where the Rio dos Mortos rises, stretches away to the east of Cuiaba. It is in many ways reminiscent of Central Africa

THIS AQUEDUCT BRINGS WATER TO THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS: The channel was carved out along the side of a hill and, as shown in the picture below, it is actually carried across a valley. The work was done by Antonio Portello and his fellow prospectors to open up a new area

BUILT WITHOUT SKILLED ENGINEERING AID: Portello's aqueduct across a river valley in the diamond country. Months of hard work went into its construction, and as a result the prospectors benefited considerably

THE GARIMPEIROS AT WORK: They toil all day standing in the water and with the sun burning down on them. The garimpeiros get 50 per cent. of the selling price of the diamonds they find. They may work for weeks without discovering anything. When they do make a big haul they are inclined to squander their gains in a single night of revelry

THE LONE PROSPECTOR: He does all his own work and, needless to say, believes that one day he will make a fortune. After washing about 10 sq. yards of ground he is left with a mound of sand and small stones. This mound, which is seen behind the prospector, is in turn washed and may yield diamonds. It is a back-breaking task, but the diggers, optimistic like all their kind, always believe that prosperity is just around the corner

LIVINGSTONE AIRPORT, NORTHERN RHODESIA, VIEWED FROM THE FIRST PLANE TO TAKE-OFF OFFICIALLY FROM THE NEWLY-OPENED AIRPORT: More than forty aircraft, among them the Hermes "Hannibal," flagship of the B.O.A.C. fleet, were gathered for the inaugural ceremony, and leading figures in aviation from every part of Africa were present to hear Lord Pakenham, Britain's Minister of Civil Aviation, make the opening speech, paying tribute to Northern Rhodesia's enterprise in building an airport at the "cross-roads" of Africa. The airport has been built entirely from the resources of the territory, and it will be used by B.O.A.C. as a stop on their Hermes route between London and Johannesburg. The airport is so near the Victoria Falls that the spray can be seen from the control tower

LIVINGSTONE—AN AIRPORT AT THE "CROSS-ROADS" OF AFRICA

A VITAL NEW LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE AIRPORTS

THE MINISTER OF CIVIL AVIATION IN ZAMBESIA: *Left*—Lord Pakenham inspecting a guard of honour of Rhodesian Police at the Livingstone Boat Club. *Right*—Lord Pakenham greeting the President of the Club on landing from a Solent flying-boat at the Livingstone flying-boat base. Standing just behind the Minister is Mr. R. C. S. Stanley, Acting Governor of Northern Rhodesia. The party afterwards journeyed to the Livingstone Airport for the inaugural ceremonies

The opening of Livingstone's new airport was a red-letter day in the history of Commonwealth communications, for Livingstone will be one of the landing-grounds on the Hermes and Comet routes from England to South Africa. The airport, built entirely from the Territory's resources, has cost £1,000,000, and what an act of faith it represents is best understood when it is realised that its cost is almost one-tenth of Northern Rhodesia's annual income. Still more astonishing perhaps is the fact that in 1946, when approval was given for the construction of the airport, the cost represented one-third of the country's income. That this enterprise will be duly rewarded there seems little doubt, for there are at least two physical facts that justify Livingstone as an important air centre. In the first place, it is within a few miles of the Victoria Falls, one of nature's grandest spectacles, a permanent tourist attraction, and, in the second place, it is ideally situated between existing stops on the land-plane trunk routes from South Africa, Europe, the Middle East and West Africa. Flying-boats put down on the Zambesi River near by. The site of the airport is on a plateau enjoying excellent weather conditions all the year round. There are no obstructions or areas higher than the runways within 10 miles. A prevailing easterly wind of 5 to 15 m.p.h. blows with over 90 per cent. regularity throughout the year, and such cross-winds as are experienced are light. Thus the main runway would alone suffice. A secondary runway has, however, been laid, and a third is being sited.

On the east side of the "hard standing" are the control tower and operations block for the new airport. Here are found the usual flying control, meteorological and radio sections, in addition to the airport administration offices. For the convenience of passengers in transit there is a twenty-four-hour restaurant at the airport, and for those staying overnight or for longer periods an airport chalet is provided about a mile away to the west. It has forty-eight beds, a dining-room, lounge and bar.

Of the trunk routes which are expected to use Livingstone, *Flight*, official organ of The Royal Aero Club, states that B.O.A.C.'s Springbok Service will be the most important. It is to be operated with newly-introduced Hermes IV's, the flagship of which was present for the opening ceremony. Pan-American Airways, Sabena and K.L.M. each operate trunk services in the area, or actually through Livingstone.

RESTORING GUARDS CHAPEL MOSAICS

Craftsmen at Work at Wellington Barracks

Skilled hands of patient craftsmen are now restoring the bomb-blasted mosaics in the Guards' Chapel at Wellington Barracks. The mosaics, before the war considered some of the most beautiful in the country, suffered badly when a flying-bomb almost completely destroyed the Chapel on Sunday morning, June 18, 1944, during a service. A hundred and thirty-three people were killed and many were injured in the bombing. The Chapel was founded by the Rev. Dr. Dakins, Principal Chaplain to the Forces, and it was opened in May 1838. The Chapel interior remained austere and without artistic beauty until George Edmund Street was appointed architect for reconstruction in 1876. Little was done to the main fabric, but wonderful progress had been made with the interior decorative work when the Chapel was reopened in 1879, after being closed for the work for nearly two years. Succeeding years saw many beautiful marbles and mosaics added to the Chapel, including a mosaic given by Queen Victoria. Working on the restoration of the mosaics are two craftsmen who have spent their lives creating beauty. Mr. Thomas de Spirt, born in Venice in 1883, who now lives at King's Cross, has been making mosaics in this country and America for fifty-three years. With him is John Heatley, of Muswell Hill, one of the few British mosaic workers.

THE SHELL OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS: The chapel was hit by a flying-bomb during morning service on June 18, 1944, when the German V 1 campaign was at its height. After the war a large hut was erected on the site, and there services have been held regularly since Christmas Day, 1945. At the east end of the hut craftsmen are now working on the restoration of the mosaics

AT WORK ON ONE OF THE MOSAICS IN THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: Mr. Thomas de Spirt cutting away a severely damaged part of a mosaic. It stands at the east end of the Chapel, where there was slightly less damage than in the rest of the building

AT WORK ON THE APSE OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: *Left*—John Heatley preparing a section of mosaic for replacement. *Right*—Mr. Thomas de Spirt and Mr. Heatley surveying the mosaics on which they are working. In the picture can be seen the King George V Memorial Altar, which is composed of mosaic panels framed in black marble. The predominant colours are blue and gold. This altar was unveiled in 1937, and was subscribed for by 2,500 officers and men of the Brigade of Guards

FAST WORK IN WESTMINSTER: Men engaged in road-breaking operations between Parliament Square and Westminster Bridge before relaying with an asphalt surface. 850 square yards of roadway were replaced in three days, whereas the time allotted for the task was a week. Recently a similar piece of high-speed relaying was achieved in the Strand. In Parliament Square wholesale changes are taking place to prepare for Festival of Britain year, when Westminster Bridge will carry a great weight of traffic to the exhibition site between County Hall and Waterloo Bridge on the South Bank

LONDON IS PREPARING FOR FESTIVAL YEAR

Getting Ready for the Great Exhibition of 1951

PREPARING FOR FESTIVAL YEAR ON THE EMBANKMENT AT CHELSEA: Men engaged in refitting one of the famous Dolphin lamp standards, London's "fairy-lamps," which in pre-war days made a glowing chain along the north bank of the river. Two hundred lamps, some of them damaged during the "blitz," are receiving attention. The point depicted here is opposite the entertainment section of the Great Exhibition which is under construction in the grounds of Battersea Park

DEMOLITION WORK PROVIDES A NEW VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The removal of the old Westminster Hospital to make way for the new Colonial Office gives this view of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. On the left is St. Margaret's, scene of so many fashionable weddings

WORK FORGES AHEAD ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951 : This new aerial view of the site from County Hall on the right to Waterloo Bridge on the left shows the £2,000,000 Festival Hall nearing completion, and also the framework for the massive Dome of Discovery. Bisecting the exhibition grounds is the railway from Charing Cross to Waterloo. Parallel with this is the Bailey bridge built to give pedestrians access from Charing Cross

August and September are always months of great activity in regard to building and repair work in London, because it is the time when the greatest number of people are out of town; but this year there is a special urgency and a special thoroughness in what is being done, as London is preparing for Festival of Britain Year. On the site of the Great Exhibition on the South Bank of the Thames, between Waterloo Bridge and County Hall, work forges ahead at a great pace. In fact, several of the projects are well ahead of schedule, notably the new granite embankment wall which has reclaimed over four acres of land on the bend of the Thames. It is expected to be complete by the end of September, instead of by the end of the year. The Royal Engineers, who have been building the Bailey bridge alongside Hungerford Bridge, to provide direct pedestrian access to the exhibition from Charing Cross, have finished their task two months ahead of the allotted time. They are now moving out, and this will release another portion of the exhibition site for building work. The £2,000,000 concert hall, now officially named the Royal Festival Hall, has made excellent progress, and the stage for internal fitting-out operations has been reached.

Elsewhere in London activity in connection with the Festival is considerable. The embankment lights are being refitted, Parliament Square is being remodelled to take the increased weight of traffic occasioned by the 1951 Exhibition, and in Battersea Park an army of men is engaged on preparing the entertainment section.

***On left*—THE EXHIBITION SITE VIEWED FROM GROUND-LEVEL : On the left is the Dome of Discovery, within which will be displays relating to Britain's achievements in the realm of exploration. The roof ribs, it will be seen, are in position, and the work of laying the roof sheeting is now due to begin. On the right of the picture is the main entrance, which lies opposite Waterloo Station**

BRAVING THE ATLANTIC IN A CONVERTED PONTOON : In this craft, which he bought for £50 at the end of the war, Mr. Herbert Horace Slack, a therapist, of Enfield, Middlesex, is hoping to reach America. His route will take him down the Thames and along the English Channel to Falmouth, where he will set out, alone and without radio. The pontoon has sails and an outboard motor, and Mr. Slack hopes to average about 3 knots on the hazardous east-to-west crossing. If he keeps to this schedule and maintains a straight course he might reach New York in about six weeks. On board the *H.H.S.* (which is short for Herbert Horace Slack) is a bunk, a cooking stove, and ninety gallons of fuel and oil ; also a big store of tinned food. Drinking water is being carried in a large number of screw-top bottles. Mr. Slack claims that his pontoon is unsinkable

AWAY FROM IT ALL

Some Escapists on the Atlantic, and Other News of Unusual Small Craft and Their Builders

PEDALS AND PADDLES IN PLYMOUTH SOUND : Raymond Sainsbury and his father, Walter Sainsbury, a crane-driver for British Railways, have collaborated in converting their 13-ft. ex-Naval dinghy into a paddle-boat. The frame of Raymond's cycle has been fitted to the centre of the boat, and it has been geared up with a back axle to which are attached paddles on the port and starboard. Mr. Sainsbury and Raymond call their boat the *Nulli Secundus*

IN THIS HOME-BUILT YACHT, AN AMERICAN AND A GERMAN HAVE SET OUT TO SAIL THE ATLANTIC : The *Tornado Four*, built by Mr. Jack Wool, a former U.S. naval officer, and Erich Koeppen, a German yacht designer, leaving Bremerhaven at the start of the voyage, which they hope will end in San Francisco. The 47-ft. yacht has two masts, and can carry 110 square yards of sail. There is a 22-h.p. auxiliary engine operating on Diesel fuel. They expect to arrive at the Golden Gate three months after leaving Germany

ENTER THE PLASTIC BOAT : *Left*—This is the deck of the new 24-ft. plastic cabin cruiser which is being made by the Beetle Boat Company of New Bedford, Massachusetts. The company say that their methods are revolutionising the production of small boats for civilian and military use. *Right*—The finished cabin cruiser travelling at speed off the New England coast. The boats have a seamless, leak-proof hull and deck, into which the colour has been permanently pigmented. Painting, caulking, and various other items of upkeep are unnecessary, and maintenance, it is said, is reduced to about one-fifth that required in wood and metal craft of similar size

THE FAR-SPREADING CITY OF LOS ANGELES VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF 40,000 FT.: This aerial view, taken by Captain Charles Yeager, who was piloting the North American Aviation Company's four-jet Tornado, shows the extraordinary extent of California's largest city, which is now celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its city charter. Los Angeles, with a population of 2,900,000 in the metropolitan district, covers 451 square miles, and covers the largest area of any city in the United States. In the last fifty years the population has doubled, or more than doubled, in every decade except 1930-1940; the discovery of oil in the hinterland, the development of the port, and, in a lesser degree, the development of the film industry being responsible for this formidable growth. The population in 1900 was 102,489. Los Angeles was settled in 1781, and it was at various times capital of the Mexican Province of California. It was captured by a U.S. force in 1847, and the city charter was granted three years later. The name is an abbreviation of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, or the City of Our Lady Queen of the Angels of Porciuncula. In the foreground of this view is the downtown section. Burbank, Glendale and Hollywood stretch from the right centre

LOS ANGELES IN CENTENARY YEAR

America's Most Wide-Spreading City Seen From the Skies

On left—**THE SAN PEDRO PENINSULA FROM EIGHT MILES UP: This aerial view covers the south-western part of Los Angeles, where it stretches out towards the resort of Long Beach**

THE START OF THE GREAT CHANNEL RACE AT CAPE GRIS NEZ AT 2.20 A.M. WHEN, IN A SMOOTH SEA AND UNDER A CLEAR STARLIT SKY, EIGHTEEN MEN AND SIX WOMEN SET OUT TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The discharge of a Very pistol signalled the start, and at the time the sea was brilliantly illuminated by Roman candles, flaming torches and photographers' flash bulbs. The entrants were competing for a prize of £1,000 for the first man to cross and another £1,000 for the first woman

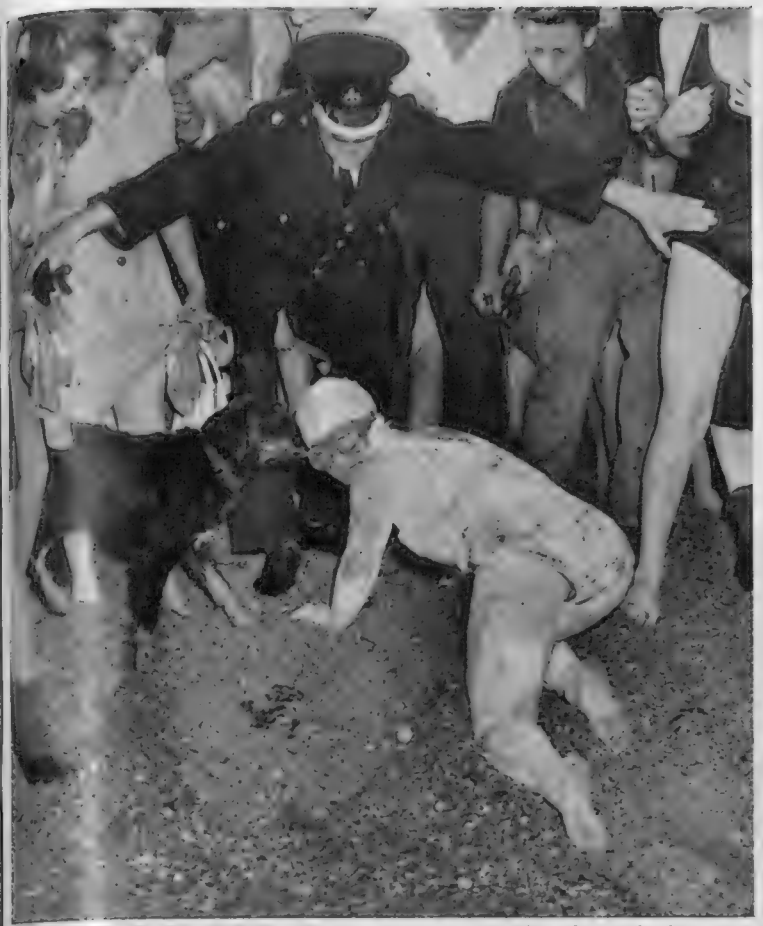
ENTRANTS, WELL COATED WITH GREASE, READY TO TAKE THE WATER AT CAPE GRIS NEZ: No. 11 is Sam Rockett (Great Britain). This 17-stone foreman in a plastic works was fourth in the race and the first Briton to finish. His time was 14 hrs. 20 mins. No. 16 was Elna Anderson, the Danish teacher, who gave up within two miles of the coast. No. 27 was Germaine Pique, the Frenchman who retired through cramp, No. 18 was Roger Le Morvan, of France, who was a close second, and No. 19 was Antonio Abertondo the Argentinian, who came in eighth

THE GREAT CHANNEL RACE

NINE COMPETITORS SWIM FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND, TWO OF THEM IN RECORD TIME

Almost exactly seventy-five years to the day after Matthew Webb swam the Channel from Dover to Calais in 21¾ hours, twenty-four swimmers set out from Cape Gris Nez to swim the Channel in the opposite direction. They were competing for £1,000 prizes offered by the *Daily Mail* for the first man and woman to get across, and a whole Armada of little boats accompanied this international field on its way. It was a most dramatic race, very nearly ending in a photo-finish when the Frenchman, Le Morvan, and the Egyptian, Hassan Abd el Rehim, battled out the last mile in close company. Another Egyptian was third, and the first Briton home was Sam Rockett. The first woman to land was the Dewsbury girl, Eileen Fenton, who, although her right arm became useless, battled on until she hauled herself shuddering and gasping through the shingle.

The race was fraught with drama all the way. Panagiotis Kamberos was one of the unluckiest of the swimmers. He was attacked by a school of tope, and only just rescued from the water in time. Finally, there was the mighty Famy Attalah, the third Egyptian competing and the last man in the water. After swimming for 27 hrs. 13 mins. Attalah was dragged from the Channel almost unconscious. At that moment he was within 300 yards of the shore.



THE PLUCK OF EILEEN FENTON : The twenty-one-year-old Dewsbury school-mistress, the first woman to finish and the winner of a £1,000 prize, crawling ashore at Shakespeare Cliff, where she collapsed shuddering and gasping. During the crossing Eileen strained a muscle in the shoulder and for over five hours she had to swim with only one arm. Mr. E. H. Temme, the organiser of the race, who has twice swum the Channel, paid a tribute to her pluck. When the news reached Eileen's home town, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, flags were put out and a collection was made in order to defray all her training expenses. *On right*—Roger le Morvan has a Gallic kiss and a hearty handshake for Hassan Abd El Rehim, the Egyptian who broke the record in 10 hrs. 50 mins. Le Morvan was in second place, about twelve minutes behind

HASSAN ABD EL REHIM, THE EGYPTIAN, WADES ASHORE AT DOVER, THE FIRST MAN HOME IN THE CHANNEL RACE : El Rehim made a tremendous spurt in the last few hundred yards to beat the Frenchman, Le Morvan, who had led for most of the way across the Channel, at one time by as much as two miles. Until the last two hours Morvan seemed likely to win, and less than an hour before the finish the two were swimming almost together. Rehim, a first lieutenant in the Egyptian Army, has twice before swum the Channel, the first occasion being in 1948 and the second in 1949. As Rehim reached the shore he stumbled several times in the shallow water

FROM ABERDEEN TO LONDON

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ROYAL PARTY AT BALMORAL: The Queen and Princess Margaret at Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, where they were welcomed by the Marquess of Aberdeen and, right, Mr. A. L. Carrie, the airport manager, who was killed in an air crash last week. The annual holiday of the Royal family at Balmoral Castle will last until October. The Duke of Edinburgh also flew north to join the party, but his plane could not land at Dyce because of low clouds, and he had to spend some time at Leuchars before the final stage of the journey could be completed. On the Sunday following their arrival, the King and Queen and Princess Margaret attended Service at Crathie and, on the next day, Princess Margaret celebrated her twentieth birthday

SERETSE AND RUTH KHAMA ARRIVE AT SOUTHAMPTON WITH THEIR THREE-MONTH-OLD DAUGHTER, JACQUELINE: They were accompanied by Seretse's sister, Nalide (right centre), and were met by Ruth Khama's mother and sister (left). The chief-designate of the Bamangwato tribe began his five-year term of exile by staying at a London hotel, while looking for a suitable house or flat. He stated that his uncle, Tshekedi Khama, might visit London later in the year, to discuss his future. Meanwhile, Seretse is to continue reading for his final law examinations. He hoped to return to Bechuanaland in 1955, when his term of exile expires, and said that his bungalow in Serowe was being kept for him. A meeting of the Seretse Khama Fighting Committee decided that reconciliation with Tshekedi removed the main argument for the Government's action

RUTH AND JACQUELINE: A picture taken after their arrival at Southampton in a B.O.A.C. flying-boat. Jacqueline is three months old and weighs 10½ lb.

RECONSTRUCTING THE TOWER OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, SOUTHWICK: The stones were all carefully numbered when the tower was taken down during the war. On the right is a section of the new vestry. The ancient tower of St. Michael's Church at Southwick, in Sussex, which dates from pre-Norman days, was taken down following an air raid in February 1941, when a high-explosive bomb fell in the churchyard. The bomb, which did not explode, was not found until two years later. Under expert supervision the tower, which is of great architectural and archæological interest, was taken down stone by stone, each one being carefully marked. It is now being reinstalled with the original stones, although a slight alteration is being made to the structure to allow for a new vestry. Originally the tower was a refuge against Danish pirates, who raided the Sussex coast. It had no outer entrance and only tiny windows

PROGRESS ON THE GIANT GOVERNMENT OFFICE BLOCK AT WHITEHALL GARDENS: The extension of Government offices in Whitehall, which was planned before the 1914-18 war, is brought nearer to completion by progress on the large block known as Whitehall Gardens. Certain offices on the Embankment frontage will be occupied in October by members of the Board of Trade staff, and the entire first section, providing 270,000 sq. ft. of accommodation, will be taken over next year by the Board of Trade and the Air Ministry. The second section, on land extending from the site of Montague House to Richmond Terrace, will give 200,000 sq. ft. of office space, but it is not expected to be finished until 1955

10-MILE-LONG TUNNEL UNDER THE BOWLAND FELLS ON THE BORDER OF LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE: A heading of the tunnel where water is seen entering in considerable volume. Over 2,000,000 gallons a day are being pumped from the heading. The Cementation Company are constructing the tunnel which forms part of the 70-mile-long 8 ft. 6-in. internal diameter aqueduct which will supply Manchester with water from Haweswater in the Lake District. Work began in the summer of 1948, and is expected to finish in the spring of 1953. Half the tunnel driving is now completed. Two camps, housing 600 men, and complete with dining-rooms, canteens and recreation rooms have been built for the men working on the contract. In one period of seven working days, 236 ft. of tunnel were advanced, which constituted a record in this country for a rock tunnel

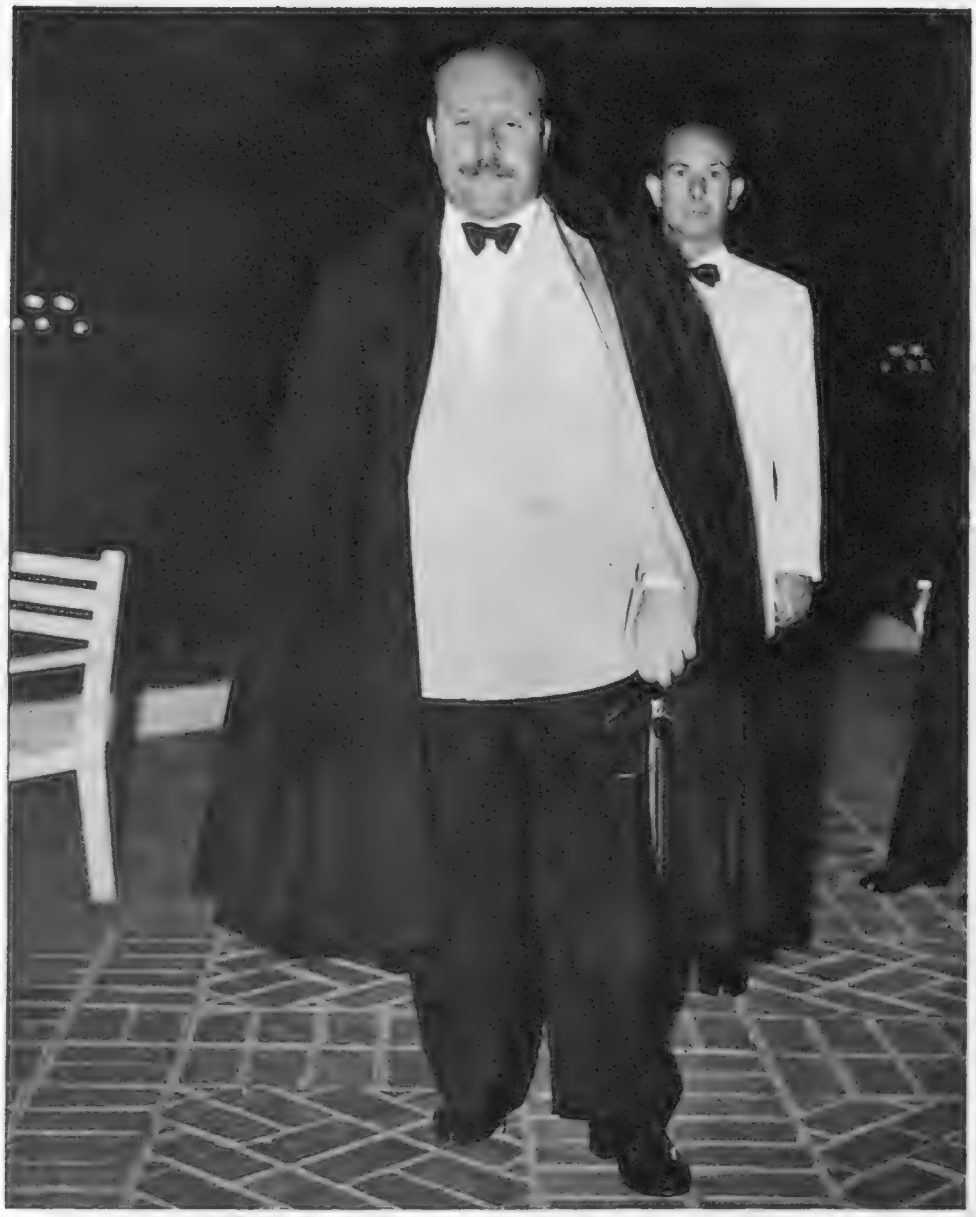
THE NEW FOREST PONY-CLUB CAMP: Major Faudel Phillips lectures young members of the club at Somerley Park, Ringwood, in the New Forest, where the camp was held by permission of the Earl of Normanton

THE FIRE AT CANADA DOCKS, LIVERPOOL: A newly-constructed exports warehouse was seriously damaged when its highly inflammable cargo of cotton seed and sisal caught fire. The roof collapsed and, when the above picture was taken, the seed and wool were still smouldering. A hundred firemen worked for two and a half hours before the conflagration in the 200-yard-long shed was brought under control. An 8,300-ton freighter, the *Clan Sinclair*, which was moored alongside the building, and had just returned from her maiden voyage to South Africa, was moved to another berth for safety. The warehouse, first used in 1949, was nearly half-destroyed. It cost £220,000 and formed part of the £1,000,000 post-war development scheme of the Liverpool Dock Board

THE SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY YACHT RACES IN THE GARELOCH: Dublin University cross the line in front of the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Domestic Science. They were third with 527 points, being beaten by Edinburgh University, 1,004 points, and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, 703 points, on the first day. Fifteen universities and twenty-seven schools entered teams in the Mudhook Yacht Club races for the Young and Clark Cups, which began off Clynder, including five crews of girls. Scottish teams won four of the first five heats

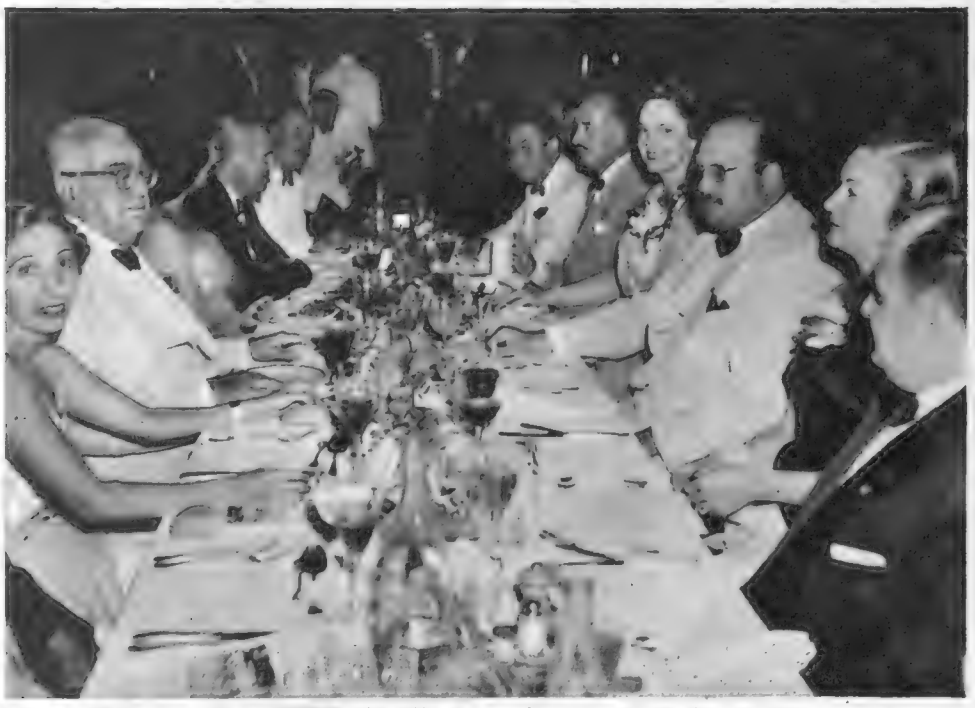
A FIRE IN AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL: Smoke pours out of a fuse-box into Queen Victoria Street from the underground tunnel, which runs parallel to the road. Traffic was diverted to alternative routes to the City when Queen Victoria Street was closed for four hours because of the danger of an underground explosion. The fire was caused by a faulty electric cable in the tunnel opposite Godliman Street. Fifty firemen worked in relays wearing oxygen-breathing apparatus to enter the tunnel. A section of gas-piping was damaged and the escaping gas caught fire. The smoke and fumes ascended through the grilles of inspection shafts and tar covering wooden blocks was melted

KING FAROUK AND THE AGA KHAN IN DEAUVILLE: Two Muslim Leaders on Holiday in France



KING FAROUK I, TENTH RULER OF THE DYNASTY OF MOHAMED ALI, TAKES A HOLIDAY AT FASHIONABLE DEAUVILLE: The King, in a double-breasted light-grey dinner jacket and in a black cloak, posing on the terrace of his hotel before leaving for the Casino. The King's arrival at Marseilles in the Royal yacht was shrouded in mystery, as also was his journey through France to the northern coast. The King's arrival in Deauville, heavily guarded by French police and his own bodyguard, brought a blaze of publicity and a crop of rumours regarding his intended marriage to Narriman Sadek. Later he announced, through his friend Karim Thapet Pasha, "I will marry Miss Sadek in spring." King Farouk, son of the late King Fuad I, and of Queen Nazli (now cut off from her income at Farouk's command), succeeded his father in 1936. His marriage to Aziza Zulficar, now dissolved, took place in January 1938. The heir-presumptive to the Egyptian throne is Prince Mohamed Ali, now seventy-five years of age, first cousin to the King and younger brother of the former Khedive, Abbas Hilmi II. Females and their descendants are excluded from the Egyptian throne, and under the rescripts of the late King Fuad anyone who is not a Muslim, who is not the son of Muslim parents, and not in full possession of mental powers, is also excluded

THE AGA KHAN ON THE LINKS AT DEAUVILLE: The spiritual head of the Ismailite Muhammadans playing golf in the grounds of the fashionable Hotel du Golf. During his stay in Deauville the Aga Khan spent much time in company with King Farouk. The Aga Khan's connections with Egypt have always been considerable, notably in 1937, the year he was President of the League of Nations Assembly, when he saw Egypt's admission to membership of the League



KING FAROUK AT A GALA DINNER: The King is seated opposite the Aga Khan in the centre of the table. On the extreme right of the table is Karim Thapet Pasha, the friend and confidant of the King, who was entrusted with the task of releasing the news that Farouk's wedding to Narriman Sadek would not take place at Deauville as rumoured in the Press. Mrs. Karim Thapet Pasha is on the left

KING FAROUK TAKES A WALK IN DEAUVILLE: Accompanied by numerous sightseers and followed by his inevitable bodyguard, the King strolled through the main shopping thoroughfare. Ever since his arrival in France the French police have been working night and day to maintain a defensive ring round the King

ROYAL WEDDING IN LUXEMBOURG

A DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUCHESS MARRIES PRINCE ANTOINE DE LIGNE

THE BRIDE, PRINCESS ALIX MARIE ANN ANTONIA CHARLOTTE GABRIELLE OF LUXEMBOURG, WALKING ON THE ARM OF HER FATHER, PRINCE FELIX, TO THE CATHEDRAL AT LUXEMBOURG: A guard of honour lined the streets and the bride (youngest daughter of the reigning Grand Duchess and her consort, Prince Felix) walked along a red carpet. The bridegroom, Prince Antoine de Ligne, is now a Flight-Captain in the Belgian Royal Air Force

AT THE ALTAR IN LUXEMBOURG CATHEDRAL: The bridegroom, Prince Antoine de Ligne, places the ring on the finger of his bride, Princess Alix of Luxembourg. Prince Antoine comes of one of the oldest families in Hainault. Earlier this year his sister, Princess Yolande de Ligne, married the Archduke Charles Louis of Habsburg

Royal weddings are apt to be few and far between in these days of diminished royalty, and feudal pomp on such occasions is even more of a rarity. Not so, it seems, in the ancient family of de Ligne, which twice in the present year has turned out in force for nuptials on the grand scale. The first occasion was in January when Princess Yolande de Ligne, daughter of Prince Eugene de Ligne, Belgian Ambassador in New Delhi, married Archduke Charles Louis of Habsburg, son of the late Emperor Charles of Austria. The wedding took place at the Chateau de Belœil, in the Belgian Province of Hainault. In August, Prince Antoine de Ligne, who fought with the R.A.F. during the war, married the youngest daughter of the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg. This time the ceremony was in Luxembourg, and the turn-out of royalty, near-royalty and members of ancient European families was on a considerable scale. Luxembourg was at its gayest for the occasion, with many thousands of citizens lining the streets of the capital to watch the bride and bridegroom and the guests go by. There was a particularly big cheer for the bride's mother, the Grand Duchess Charlotte, who walked on the arm of the Prince de Ligne. The Grand Duchess has ruled in Luxembourg since 1919, after the abdication of her sister Marie. Princess Alix, the bride, is her fourth daughter.

THE WEDDING GUESTS ARRIVE AT LUXEMBOURG CATHEDRAL: *Left*—Prince Reginald de Croy with the Marquise de Houstier. *Right*—Archduke Felix of Habsburg with Princess Albertine de Ligne. Prince Reginald de Croy, who comes of one of the ancient Catholic families of Picardy, was a former Belgian Minister in Stockholm

REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES: Mrs. Perle Mesta, U.S. Minister to Luxembourg, arriving for the wedding with her Military Attaché, Colonel Hoffman

PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBOURG WITH THE MARQUISE DE VILLALOBAR: Prince Jean is the eldest son of the Grand Duchesse Charlotte and Prince Felix

THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE AND THE FATHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM: The Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and Prince Eugene de Ligne

BRIDIE AND LINKLATER

Scottish Dramatists Provide Two New Plays for the Edinburgh Festival

The Glasgow Citizens' Theatre are presenting three plays at Edinburgh. Two are new plays (which are illustrated on this page), and the third is the revival of John Home's eighteenth-century tragedy *Douglas*, which was described in last week's issue of THE SPHERE. All three are being produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

Dr. Osborne Mavor (James Bridie) qualified as a doctor in 1913, and he served in the R.A.M.C. in the two World Wars. It was while practising as a doctor that he began to take an interest in the Scottish National Theatre, and his *The Sunlight Sonata*, was produced in 1928.

CLASSICAL MEETS MODERN: Gods and goddesses from Olympus and men in battledress in James Bridie's new play *The Queen's Comedy*, which the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre are presenting at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh. The crowned figure in the centre is Sonia Dresdel as Juno, and behind her stands bearded Walter Fitzgerald as Jupiter

SONIA DRESDEL AND WALTER FITZGERALD: Juno and Jupiter in a scene from James Bridie's *The Queen's Comedy*, which has its first presentation at the Festival of Music and Drama

AN ARMFUL FOR THE ATOM DOCTOR: Patricia Burke and Duncan Macrae, who plays the name-part in Eric Linklater's new play at the Edinburgh Festival

THE THIRD PRODUCTION OF THE GLASGOW CITIZENS' THEATRE FOR THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL—A SCENE FROM ERIC LINKLATER'S NEW PLAY, "THE ATOM DOCTOR," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH: Left to right are, Stanley Baxter as Shinnay; James Gibson as Shurie; Patricia Burke as Connie; Dorothy Primrose as Miss Thistleton; Kenneth MacIntosh as Major Kemnay; Lennox Milne as Miss Sobieski Smith; Marjorie Thomson as Mrs. Shinnay; Duncan Macrae as Professor Mortimer—the Atom Doctor; John Young as Thistleton; and Laurence Hardy as the Duke of Applecross. Eric Linklater, whose new play, *The Atom Doctor*, was first produced at the Festival on Thursday of last week, is best known as a novelist. In 1944 he wrote the play *Crisis in Heaven*, which was produced by John Gielgud at the Lyric Theatre, and, since the war, *Love in Albania*, which had a successful run last year. His novel *Private Angelo* was filmed also last year. Duncan Macrae, who plays the Atom Doctor, has had considerable success with the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre Company, of which he has been a member since its beginning in 1943. He also has a part in James Bridie's *The Queen's Comedy*. He has appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in two previous years in *The Three Estaits* and *The Gentle Shepherd*

HIGHLAND GATHERINGS AT CRIEFF AND CANDACRAIG

THE CRIEFF HIGHLAND GATHERING REVIVED AFTER ELEVEN YEARS: The mounted band of the Life Guards, headed by four State trumpeters on greys, enters the arena at Market Park. A large crowd gathered to see the colourful spectacle of the Crieff Highland Gathering. The Chieftain of the Gathering, Lord Kinnaird, was present and gave the heavyweight championship prize (which is open to the world for the best heavyweight of the Gathering) to J. Hunter, of Dunecht. G. Clark, of Aberchirder, was second; and L. K. Stewart, of Corpach, third. Stewart set up a ground record when he threw the 22-lb. hammer a distance of 94 ft. 11 ins.

THE MARCH OF THE LONACH HIGHLANDERS: Colonel Sir John Forbes of Newe and Mr. Alistair Wallace head the parade before the start of the Lonach Gathering. *On left*—Mr. Wallace presents identification flags to the three best-dressed Lonach Highlanders. The march of over seventy men set out from the village of Bellabeg, Strathdon, in heavy rain at 9 o'clock in the morning. They were led by their chief, Colonel Sir John Forbes of Newe, and, at Candacraig, were welcomed by the laird, Mr. A. L. P. F. Wallace, and members of his family. The marchers were then joined by Mr. Alistair Wallace, who deputised for his father, and continued on their way to Tornasheen, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Thesiger and Mr. and Mrs. Osric Thesiger, and drank a toast to the new Princess

SMALL CRAFT FORGATHER IN RAMSGATE HARBOUR FOR THE KENT YACHTING WEEK : Cabin cruisers and sailing boats anchored off the holiday resort before the start of racing which was held under the auspices of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, the Royal Temple Y.C., and the Margate, Whitstable, Broadstairs and Herne Bay Y.C.s. There were some exhilarating contests in ideal conditions, particularly among the dinghies

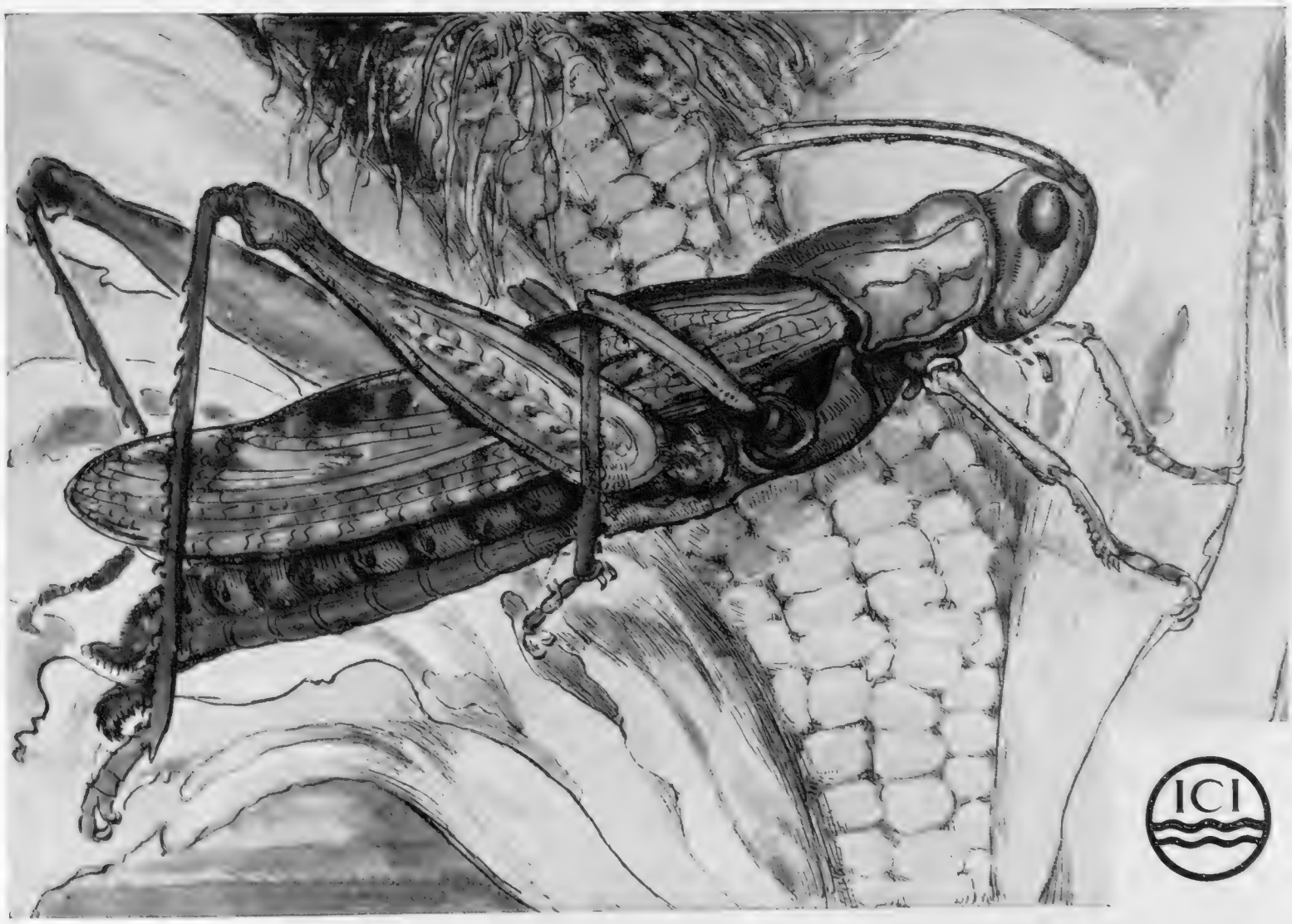
WHITE SAILS ON THE KENT COAST

Small Craft Compete in Kent Yachting Week at Ramsgate

FAIR WINDS OFF THE FORELAND PROVIDED IDEAL RACING CONDITIONS : *Left*—Foreland class competitors rounding the buoy on the first leg of a keenly contested race. *Right*—Two yachts with spinnakers set approaching the finishing line. Racing during Kent Yachting Week was of a high order. It was watched by many thousands of late-summer holiday-makers from the rising ground above the town and also from the harbour entrance

'Gammexane'

'Gammexane' is a proprietary name given to a range of remarkable new insecticides developed as a result of wartime discoveries by I.C.I. research chemists. They are based on benzene hexachloride (BHC), a compound first prepared by Michael Faraday as far back as 1825, which can exist in four forms—known as the alpha, beta, gamma and delta "isomers"—each having the same molecular formula but different properties. The achievement of the I.C.I. chemists was their discovery that one of these isomers possessed remarkable insecticidal properties. By isolating and testing the different isomers, they established in 1943 that BHC's insecticidal powers lay almost entirely in its gamma isomer, and that in pure gamma BHC they had an insecticide which was, in some respects, the most effective ever discovered. 'Gammexane' insecticides, based on Gamma BHC, mark a significant advance because, though their effect on insects is both deadly and persistent, they are almost entirely harmless to men and animals. At home, in farms and factories, they have eradicated pests ranging from cattle ticks and wireworms to cockroaches, bed-bugs and the house fly. Overseas they have proved the most powerful of all weapons against the locust.



The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE QUALITIES OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Revealed by an Examination of the Third Volume in His Trilogy of the Fall of France

YOU will not need the latest bulletin on the progress of the Existentialists to read M. Jean-Paul Sartre's new novel with interest. It is the third book in a trilogy or, as he prefers to call it, the third instalment in one long book, and its characters are the same as in those volumes that dealt with the months leading up to the Munich crisis. IRON IN THE SOUL (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) opens in June 1940, and is in essence a story of the fall of France as reflected in the lives of a handful of people. Not all of these men and women are French; two, in fact, are of the breed that was known in the '20's as White Russians, but about all of them the author writes *as* a Frenchman. It struck me very forcibly and for the first time, that this profoundly French quality in his writing is the important thing about M. Sartre, and not his evanescent philosophy or his political bias or his literary attitudinising. He is as passionately a Frenchman as he is a writer. Both appear to be matters of conviction, and not of accident with him, and the result as shown in this newest novel is of an unaccustomed strength. The war and its miserable conclusion in France affects each of his characters not only differently but in an extremely individual way, whether apathetic, bitter, furiously active, indifferent or heroic. They continue to be what they have always been, but paradoxically there is nothing expected or flat about the recital of their actions. Boris is wounded, but plans to escape and continue the fight in England; his sister Ivich (surely the least euphonious name ever coined for a pretty girl) continues to be impractical and sulky; Mathieu dies a soldier's death in a hopeless battle; Brunet continues to preach Communism as a prisoner of war; and Daniel still prowls the streets of Paris in quest of his dirty little pleasures. Their reactions to war may have been sensational, or they may have been imperceptible, but I have rarely read a novel in which the protagonists have been so meticulously in character.

Thomas Wolfe, who in his own country already enjoys the reputation of a modern classic, died just before the war, having completed a formidable series of semi-autobiographical novels. Although he died young, the span of his writing career in his published books was brief for such an output. It is now known that his earliest work went into plays of which MANNERHOUSE (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), written three years before the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel*, is an example.

In it the burgeoning of that extraordinary literary talent is evident. It reads well; is even moving, and the introductory letter which forms a preface throws a positive light upon the author's aspirations as well as his erudition. How little he knew about the practical side of the theatre can be seen in the stage directions: "In the foreground are the stumps of trees white and bleeding fresh. . . ." But the poetry is there; powerful, insistent and impermeable, as in all Thomas Wolfe's work.

Sir Philip Gibbs' new novel has been written with the courageous intention of putting forth the point of view of the "good Germans" who were innocent of Nazi crimes, in many cases entirely opposed to the Hitler regime, and who knew nothing of such horrors as the concentration camps. That there are a great number of such Germans, Sir Philip stoutly believes, and he has chosen representative types of them to expound the case in a story that is constructed on simple lines, but that achieves considerable effect.

Many sides of the problem of Western Germany are illustrated, as it were in primary colours, by the intellectual politician, the straightforward young soldier, the aristocrat, the Jewish woman doctor, the athletic girl, the young war-widow, and the susceptible but sensible American officer who represents the forces of occupation. The story moves briskly, quite apart from its implied propaganda, and judged purely as a novel, THINE ENEMY (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is quite the best that Sir Philip has given us for twenty years or more.

GEORDIE (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a charming and a happy book to which I recommend you. "Simple, kindly and humorous," as Lord Wavell said about it, this slight novel of a boy growing up in the Perthshire highlands has no pretensions, no affectations, and a very great deal that is funny and moving. Geordie is the son of a gamekeeper and, at the beginning of the story, he is small for his fourteen years, even smaller than Jean, the thirteen-year-old girl who is his companion and will be his love. Wee Geordie he is called by his mother and friends, and it irks him so much that he writes "away down to England" for a correspondence course that will make him taller and stronger.

Whether it is the advice of one Mr. Samson, or Geordie's faith, or the fact that he was destined to grow tall and big anyway, the boy grows into a powerful and magnificent figure, and is presently chosen for the Olympic Games to put the shot for England, which wording the judges hastily change to Britain when they see Geordie's scowl. He travels to the United States, where, with one notable feminine exception, he keeps his head, and having won the athletic event, he comes back to Scotland and to his Jean. Nothing else happens except that he and Jean will marry, she in the appalling hat he has brought back proudly from Boston, and both of them in a haze of love and happiness. The story is as simple as that, and I think you may like it for its simplicity and its good heart.

THE RE-MARRIAGE OF DOROTHY PARKER: The well-known author of humorous prose and poetry seen with her husband, screen writer Alan Campbell, after their re-marriage in Los Angeles last month. They were first married in 1933 and were divorced in 1947

THE DESERT IN THE BED (Methuen. 9s. 6d.), though singularly named and indeed rather a singular novel, shows undoubted talent, and I read it with a lively sense of discovery. Mr. Royston Morley has so far only one other published book to his name, but is already a serious, sometimes, I 'm afraid, even a weighty writer. His present story concerns the development, both social and intellectual, of a man of letters during the fifty years of this century, and he presents this fastidious and hard-working creature as a man who, in late middle-age, attains money and considerable reputation, while the love of his life and the novel of his life remain unloved and unwritten respectively.

Only with the very last pages, when the writer is snugly settled for a week-end in the house of the woman, who has now been happily married to someone else for many years, does he review his life, and assess its thin and unreal quality. And with that realisation he comes nearer to a personal truth than in all his sixty-odd years.

To convey the distinction and at the same time the aridity of this man's intellectual life is a feat which Mr. Morley performs with a great degree of success, and it is his choice of subject rather than his style and execution which gives the book its melancholy undertone.

The Dowager Empress of China, last of the Manchu monarchs to reign from the Dragon Throne, has been for the last half-century a rich inspiration to the novelist and playwright, and in PHŒNIX TRIUMPHANT (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), she is again the subject of a slightly overloaded novel by Mr. George Lancing. Given the research which the author must have carried out on this and his other novels on Imperial China, it would obviously require almost superhuman restraint not to incorporate many of the vivid and baroque details in his writing, and these, together with the elaborate speeches with which he animates his characters, sometimes prove a little indigestible to the reader. But on the whole the picture is a brilliant and convincing one, and the savagely cruel reign of the woman who seized power in China and held it til forty years ago is presented in memorable terms

I am happy to report that Mr. W. R. Burnett who once wrote that masterly tale of gunmen, *Little Cæsar*, is back in form again. This is all the more gratifying because it has been a fairly long wait, but now, with THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), we can read a crime novel that is really up to standard. This is the story of a robbery, planned in an American city by a number of lawless fellows who submit to the leadership of one man, an efficient organiser in whom they have faith in spite of the fact that he has just served a long prison sentence.

In the city are a number of corrupt politicians and policemen, who make their work easier, and an incorruptible Commissioner with his picked police, who have declared war on the gangsters. The result, in a more-or-less law-abiding world, is a foregone conclusion, but the excitement of the chase and the detailed planning is great, the idiom never overemphasised, and the robbery itself, even if the reader is a Supreme Court judge, as dramatic as any stage or screen thriller. And, since the duty of a thriller is to thrill, then I think one should give very high marks to Mr. Burnett's excellent story.

MAYERLING

COUNT LONYAY'S VERSION OF THE AUSTRIAN ROYAL TRAGEDY

Partly because the true facts of the Mayerling tragedy have never been known, the suicide pact of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria-Hungary and the Baroness Vetsera has become a legend, one that has been seized upon by novelists, playwrights and film-makers, and has in course of time been embroidered and sentimentalised beyond all recognition. Count Carl Lonyay, whose father was Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian Guards and who himself, as a young man, knew the Hungarian court well, claims to have in his possession secret documents which came into his hands as executor of the estate of his uncle, Prince Elmer Lonyay, who married Crown Prince Rudolf's widow. These throw much new light on the principal players in the catastrophe which so shocked the Vienna court that from the outset the Emperor Franz Joseph sought to mislead the outside world as to the true facts. In RUDOLF: THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) Count Lonyay shows the Crown Prince as dissolute and weak, not particularly good-looking, and the victim of maniac-depressive tendencies. Baroness Vetsera, though only seventeen, was by no means the unexperienced heroine of fiction, nor, it seems, was she the first woman with whom Rudolf had tried to make a suicide pact. A character who emerges as unfortunately as anyone in Count Lonyay's forthright pages is the Crown Princess Stephanie, daughter of King Leopold II of the Belgians. When the lonely and unhappy Crown Prince married he fondly imagined that he had found a life partner who would share his interests. But his wife hated everything that interested him, and seemingly looked upon his intellectual collaborators with contempt. Being unable to follow the conversation of clever men, writes Count Lonyay, she would break it up on principle. "She must have been the most formidable destroyer of good conversation of her time. With malicious instinct she would choose just those days on which to pester Rudolf with nonsensical questions when his nerves were most frayed. Then, having enjoyed to the full the irritation produced by her stupid talk, and stretched his nerves to breaking-point, she would torment him with seeming gay spirits." As for the "beautiful" Marie Vetsera, she was certainly no striking beauty; her talents were mediocre, and, indeed, her whole nature was shallow and frivolous.

Perhaps the final touch in this wholly sordid version of what many have chosen to call a great romance was the manner in which the body of Marie Vetsera was disposed of by the Emperor's orders after first being consigned to a woodshed in Mayerling. Rudolf's funeral, which the Vatican at first opposed, was carried out with cold pomp, and thereafter the Habsburgs put up a heavy smokescreen round the whole terrible tale. Even if Count Lonyay may err on the side of harshness in his judgments, his book must inevitably be accepted as a contribution to history. His personal view that this was merely the last act in a psychopathic melodrama peopled in its main roles by deeply involved royalty is not to be confused with his presentation of well-documented facts.

A naïve and by no means well-written book, but none the less one of considerable historical value, is Irfan Orga's PORTRAIT OF A TURKISH FAMILY (Victor Gollancz. 16s.), in which the author, who was born in Istanbul six years before the First World War, describes his home and youth. Irfan's mother was a veiled Turkish lady of the old type, married at thirteen and living in total seclusion as befitted her class. The courage with which one so delicately nurtured faced the hardships of a harsh Oriental world after "emancipation was thrust upon her," and she abandoned the veil, provide the most absorbing chapters in an interesting and moving story.

A volume of yachting anecdotes always makes good holiday reading. Herbert E. Julyan's SIXTY YEARS OF YACHTS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a delight. This well-known yacht-broker has met all the great personalities who have taken their pleasure afloat in the last half-century, and he shows, incidentally, just why that pleasure often cost them so much, notably on the Riviera, where in Edwardian days the arrival of a big yacht brought the sharks and half-commission men flocking to the quayside. Mr. Julyan writes well, and his strong sense of humour has full play.

Another retailer of lively anecdotes is W. J. Edrich, whose CRICKETING DAYS (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) is sure of a good reception. The Middlesex and England amateur's sparkling account of personal adventures in the field also includes a plea for brighter Test matches with a time-limit of thirty hours.

The latest addition to the "English Novelists" Series is Norman Nicholson's H. G. WELLS (Arthur Barker. 6s.). Mr. Nicholson declares that the sheer creative force of Wells's imagination was the secret of his success, and this despite "his disregard of craftsmanship."

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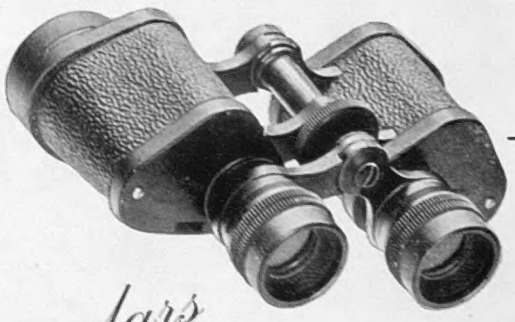

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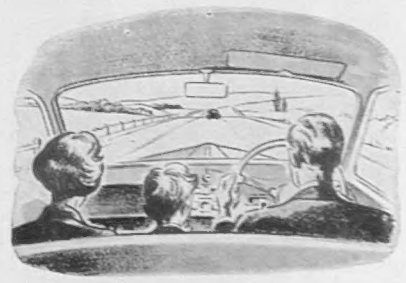

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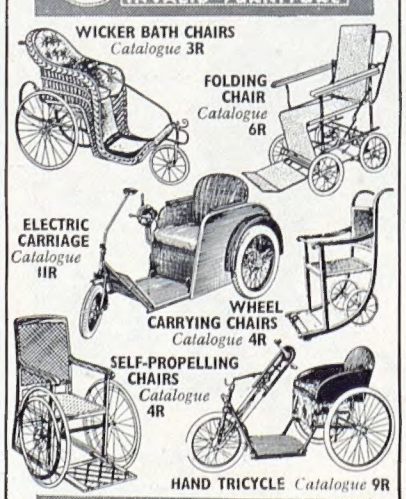

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